THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JANUARY 1800.

SKETCH

OF

LORD BRIDPORT.

IN this eventful period of our hiſtory, we cannot be at a loſs to ſelect characters for the purpoſe of adorning our Miſcellany. In the literary world, in the departments of civil life, and both in the army and navy, individuals are to be found whoſe talents and virtues reflect an honour on our country. Independent of religious or political prejudices, we would wiſh to aſcertain the extent of real merit, and beſtow the palm of approbation where it is juſtly deſerved.

In our paſt labours we have not confined our attention to any one claſs of men; we have ranged through the ſeveral ſtations of life, and have marked the traits of celebrity which have excited the notice of mankind. Our province is to bring forward characters who, in various ways, appear to have been uſeful to their country. This is the centre to which all our efforts are directed—this is the point in which all our exertions are concentrated. Our private and public actions ought either immediately or remotely to promote the welfare of the community.

We make no apology, at the ſame time, for the frequent introduction of naval characters. Our *ſea girt*

iſle is a proverbial expreſſion; and to nautical exploits we are indebted for the greateſt portion of our glory. The portraits of ſuch perſons, and the particulars of their biography, muſt be acceptable to the lovers of their country.

On a former occaſion we preſented our readers with the Memoirs of Howe, Duncan, Nelſon, Warren, and others of the ſame deſcription, whoſe names make a figure on the roll of fame. We now add BRIDPORT to the liſt—he is worthy of the acceſſion.

LORD BRIDPORT is the ſon of a reſpectable clergyman in Devonſhire, and was, we have reaſon to believe, educated by his parent, who took particular pains in forming his mind to virtue. Where parental inſtruction can be procured, it is to be preferred; but every parent is not furniſhed either with leiſure or ability for diſcharging of this important duty.

So early as the year 1746 did this veteran officer ſtep forward in the ſervice of his country. He was at this period made lieutenant; and ten years after he was promoted to be captain, a ſtation for which he was well fitted, having ſerved in the Mediterranean, under the command of Rear-admiral Saunders, where he exerted himſelf with uncommon activity. During this time, however, he was not much known; but he paſſed through the uſual progreſſive ſituations in the navy neceſſary to the attainment of diſtinction. A mind of ability ſhews itſelf by a manly patience; ſubmitting to thoſe reſtraints without which no real celebrity can be attained. Whereas a ſuperficial mind diſplays a raſhneſs and impatience by no means calculated to advance its welfare. Such a precipitancy, in any ſtation, renders the character ridiculous, and not unfrequently terminates in its ſudden and utter deſtruction.

About the commencement of his preſent Majeſty's reign, a circumſtance occurred in LORD BRIDPORT'S hiſtory, which greatly attracted the attention of his country. It was an engagement between his ſhip, the Minerva

Minerva frigate, of 32 guns, and a Frenchman of 34. The fight was obſtinate and terrible. The Minerva ſuffered ſeverely in the engagement, but came off victorious. The ſpirited behaviour of her commander rouſed the officers and ſailors to extraordinary exertion. Their exertion was crowned with ſucceſs in a degree far beyond the moſt ſanguine expectation.

The next employment of LORD BRIDPORT was to convey her Majeſty from Germany to England. The very appointment to ſuch an affair was deemed a mark of favour; for it was not to be ſuppoſed that the King would truſt to the care of a common officer, the future Queen of England.

He ſerved alſo under Admiral Keppel in the year of 1778, and took a conſiderable part in the famous action with the French fleet off Uſhant. The Robuſt of 74 guns, of which he was commander, ſuffered ſeverely, being greatly damaged by the fire of the enemy. It is well known that Admiral Keppel was afterwards tried on the occaſion, but was honourably acquitted. Lord Bridport (then Sir Alexander Hood) took an active part in this buſineſs, for which he incurred much cenſure from certain quarters, but that circumſtance is now almoſt forgotten. Such altercations between the officers, either of the army or navy, are extremely unpleaſant, and ought to be carefully avoided. Peace and harmony are neceſſary to the welfare of ſociety, and the ſecurity of theſe bleſſings ſhould be the great object of our ambition. The want of unity, indeed, is an evil to be ſeriouſly deprecated; its miſchiefs, oftentimes, come not within the reach of human calculation.

In 1780 the ſubject of our Memoir was promoted to be Rear-admiral of the White, and ſoon after went under Lord Howe to relieve Gibraltar. The year 1793 ſaw him elevated to the ſtation of Vice-admiral of the Red. He took a very active part in the glorious buſineſs of the 1ſt of June, having the command of the

Royal

Royal George. On each day he braved every danger, and contributed greatly to the annoyance of the enemy. After his return from this famous encounter, he was presented with the gold chain and medal, which were also distributed to other officers of merit, who had distinguished themselves on that memorable occasion.

It was not till the year 1796 that LORD BRIDPORT was made a peer of Great Britain; an honour to which he was entitled on account of his long and laborious exertions in the service of his country.

On the resignation of Lord Howe, lately deceased, he was appointed to the command of the Channel fleet in 1797; a station which he has ever since retained with reputation.

His Lordship has been twice married, and his virtues in private life entitle him to distinction.

We might have entered into a longer detail, and might have furnished the reader with a sketch of the several actions in which this brave officer has distinguished himself. But these conflicts with the enemy stand inscribed on the page of history, and there will be contemplated with admiration. No effort in behalf of our beloved country will be suffered to steal silently into oblivion. Fame stands ready, with her "obstreperous trump," to proclaim such deeds; and the historic muse conveys them to the latest generations.

A prominent trait in the character of LORD BRIDPORT must not be forgotten. We have been assured, on the best authority, that he has uniformly paid the greatest attention to the officers and seamen who have been placed under him. Far from assuming a forbidding sternness either of aspect or demeanour, he treats them with parental kindness, which does great honour to his head and heart. It were to be wished that every individual in an exalted station was equally attentive to this species of professional excellence. By this means a much greater portion of happiness might be diffused among the lower classes, and their exertions rendered

rendered more really useful to society. Every station has its peculiar duties, and the diligent discharge of our obligations is urged by the weightiest considerations. An attention to the wants of our fellow creatures carries with it its own reward; nor will it cease to operate in our favour at the great and final day of retribution.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXV.]

METAMORPHOSES OF OVID.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.
Ye Gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete,
And add perpetual tenour to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth to CÆSAR'S times.

DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION.

AMONG the classic authors of antiquity, OVID holds no mean rank, and by many scholars is thought to be entitled to particular distinction. His ideas indeed are ingenious, his imagination fervid, and his sentiments, in general, abound with useful matter. This poet died A. D. 17, in banishment, whither he was driven by the Roman emperor, for a crime, the specific nature of which has not been ascertained by posterity. But it is certain that he was a free liver, and, of course, not scrupulously careful either of his temper or conduct. This failure is to be regretted; it is genius and virtue that confer real distinction.

The critics assure us that the METAMORPHOSES alone, had he written nothing else, would have conferred immortality upon him; and indeed it was chiefly from this work that he expected it. It was the last of his compositions previous to his exile, and no sooner was

was the cruel ſentence announced that baniſhed him to Tomas, on the ſhores of the Euxine Sea, than he threw it into the fire. He undoubtedly would have deprived the world of this charming production, had it not happened that there were ſeveral other copies diſperſed abroad, beſides that individual copy which he deſtroyed. This Poem, however, was never finiſhed, and he himſelf has in one place alluded to its want of correctneſs.

The *Metamorphoſes* relate, in eaſy and elegant language, the fabulous changes of antiquity. The work contains, therefore, a body of mythology, equally calculated to impart both entertainment and inſtruction. The claſſical reader who peruſes it in the original, muſt be charmed with its ſpirit and variety.

At firſt we were at a loſs for an appropriate ſelection, by which a fair judgment might be formed of the work. But recollecting the commencement of the NEW YEAR, we are tempted to tranſcribe OVID's account of the CREATION, which blends both beauty and ſublimity. It has been much and juſtly admired. We take it from the tranſlation of Dryden.

Before the ſeas, and this terreſtrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature; if a face,
Rather a rude and indigeſted maſs:
A lifeleſs lump, unfaſhion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring ſeeds; and juſtly Chaos nam'd.
No ſun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth ſuſpended in the ſky;
Nor pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor ſeas about the ſhores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unſtable,
And water's dark abyſs unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the reſt.

For

For hot and cold were in one body fix'd;
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To theſe inteſtine diſcords put an end:
Then earth from air, and ſeas from earth were driv'n,
And groſſer air ſunk from æthereal heav'n.
Thus diſembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin, contiguouſly embrace;
And foes are ſunder'd by a larger ſpace.
The force of fire aſcended firſt on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted ſky:
Then air ſucceeds, in lightneſs next to fire;
Whoſe atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a num'rous throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy ſeeds along,
About her coaſts unruly waters roar;
And, riſing on a ridge, inſult the ſhore.
Thus when the god, whatever god was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a ſpacious round:
Then with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running ſprings, and ſtanding lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part, in earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample oceans diſembogu'd, are loſt.
He ſhades the woods, the vallies he reſtrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' æthereal regions bind,
Five, correſpondent, are to earth aſſign'd:
The ſun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the diſtant poles, complain
Of endleſs winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, incloſing all,
Surround the compaſs of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The groſſer near the wat'ry ſurface move:

Thick

Thick clouds are ſpread, and ſtorms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſt'ring brethren left at large,
On ſeas, and ſhores, their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs as they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt Eurus to the riſing morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy continent;)
And eaſtern realms, where early Perſians run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the ſun.
Weſtward, the wanton zephyr wings his flight;
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas, with his offspring, iſſues forth
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auſter ſeeks the ſouthern ſphere;
And rots, with endleſs rain, th' unwholeſome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The god a clearer ſpace for heav'n deſign'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid æther flow;
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the pow'r diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtraight
The ſtars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads, from underneath the maſs;
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive light adorn their heav'nly place.
Then, every void of nature to ſupply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant ſky:
New herds of beaſts he ſends the plains to ſhare:
New colonies of birds to people air:
And to their oozy beds, the finny fiſh repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was MAN deſign'd:
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The god of nature did his ſoul inſpire,

Or

Or earth, but new divided from the ſky,
And, pliant, ſtill retain'd th' æthereal energy:
Which wiſe Prometheus temper'd into paſte,
And, mixt with living ſtreams, the godlike image caſt.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthy mother tend,
MAN looks aloft; and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies!
From ſuch rude principles our form began;
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

We have given the entire extract, for it is curious to obſerve the account which the *heathens* have tranſmitted us of the *origin of all things*. It reſembles, in many reſpects, the *Moſaic account*, with which it is not improbable that OVID was acquainted. The latter part of the above ſketch, where MAN is delineated, has been the ſubject of particular commendation. The open and elevated aſpect of the human ſpecies is finely depicted, and no feeling individual can read it without beingi mpreſſed with his own dignity. A powerful incentive to virtue is the conſideration of our ſuperiority over the brute creation.

Though we repr. bate the licentiouſneſs of this poet, yet it muſt be confeſſed, in the words of a critic, that "His ALLEGORIES in this work, whether phyſical, moral, or hiſtorical, always contain ſome inſtructive precept, wrapped up with much art, and developed with peculiar ſagacity. Under the *firſt* of theſe heads is to be claſſed the fable of *Apollo and Python*, in the explanation of which the mythologiſts have recogniſed the ſalutary effects produced by the heat of the ſun in the diſpelling of miſts and exhalations. Under the *ſecond* are to be ranked the ſtories of *Acteon*, torn to pieces by his own hounds, and *Eriſicthon*, ſtarved by hunger; figurative illuſtrations, which plainly indicate that extravagance and luxury conſtantly end in want. Of the *third* kind is the rape of *Europa*, who was carried away

by the Candians, in a galley, the ſtern of which was adorned with a bull, in order to be married to one of their kings, called Jupiter.

"Indeed if a few objectionable paſſages of the METAMORPHOSES be excepted, the work muſt be allowed to be an excellent treatiſe on morality. The ſtory of *Deucalion and Pyrrha*, teaches us to believe that piety and innocence always obtain the divine protection, and that the only irrreparable loſs is that of our probity and juſtice. The fable of *Phæton* intimates the folly and even the criminality of too great a portion of parental indulgence; that of *Baucis and Philemon*, the happineſs reſulting from a life ſpent in the exerciſe of virtue; that of *Tireus*, that one crime lays the foundation of many, and, laſtly from that of *Midas*, we learn that ſcarce any thing can prove more fatal to us than the completion of our wiſhes, that he who has the moſt deſires, will certainly meet with the moſt diſappointments; and that as VIRTUE is its own reward, ſo AVARICE is its own puniſhment."

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXVII.]

A REQUEST TO THE LADIES.

FROM the preſent ſcarcity of *linen rags*, and the conſequent advance in the price of paper, it is particularly recommended to ladies, and every perſon employed in needle-work, not to *burn* even the ſmalleſt pieces, which they may cut from either linen, cotton, or other drapery, whether coloured or not.

The rags annually collected in this kingdom, amount in weight to ſeveral thouſand tons, doubtleſs a much greater quantity might be preſerved by the *care of individuals*; the paper manufacturers would not then depend

depend on the uncertain importation from foreign countries, for an article which could ſo eaſily be procured in our own; thereby not only preventing a further advance, but alſo eventually cauſing a reduction in the price of paper.

DUELLING.

A SINGULAR mode of determining a point of honour, was lately hit upon in America; a perſon, who had been a carpenter, having received a challenge from an officer in the army, on account of ſome imaginary affront, and not attending to it, was waited on by his antagoniſt, to know his determination; he obſerved, that being allowed by the laws of chivalry to chooſe his weapons, he had only waited to avail himſelf of that privilege; then taking the challenger into an adjoining apartment, where two large *gimblets* lay upon a table, "There, ſir," ſaid he, "thoſe are my weapons;" "I don't know what you mean, ſir," ſaid the officer. "I mean, ſir," ſaid he, opening his boſom, "that if you can bore a hole ſooner than I can, the matter is ſettled." It is hardly neceſſary to ſay that this propoſal was not accepted.

ANECDOTE.

THE word *bourn*, written and pronounced *burn* in Northumberland, means there only a rivulet. There is a place not far from Hexham, called Wark's Burn, where live an untaught race of labouring men.—A rough lad from the Burn's ſide, came before the late Biſhop to be confirmed. His Lordſhip ſeeing him very unpoliſhed in his appearance, wiſhed to know if his mind was equally neglected, and aſked him to repeat the Lord's prayer. The boy began it—he could not finiſh it. "What!" ſaid the Biſhop, "young man, cannot you ſay the Lord's prayer?"—"Only a bit on't," replied the lad, "but up the burn and down the burn we ha' it among us!"

COMICAL DOG.

ONE of our dramatic critics obſerves, that Edwin *was a more comical dog than any now on the ſtage.* This is an odd phraſe; but Plutarch has in a degree juſtified it: he ſays, "There was at Rome a dog, belonging to a certain mimic, who at that time had the management of a farce, in the performance of which he undertook to inſtruct the actors, by teaching them the ſeveral imitations proper for repreſenting the paſſions. Among the reſt, there was one who was to drink a ſleepy potion, and after he had drank it to fall into a deadly drowſineſs, and counterfeit the actions of a dying perſon. The dog, who had ſtudied ſeveral of the other geſtures and poſtures, obſerving this with greater attention, took a piece of bread that was ſopped in the potion, and in a ſhort time after he had ate it, counterfeited a trembling, then a ſtaggering, and afterwards a drowſineſs; then ſtretching himſelf out, lay as if he was dead, and ſeemed to offer himſelf to be dragged out of the place, and carried to burial, as the plot of the play required. But afterwards, entering fully into the ſpirit of what had been ſaid and acted, he began gently to ſtir, as if waking out of a profound ſleep, and lifting up his head gazed around him, and then, to the amazement of all, roſe up and went to his maſter with all the ſigns of joy and kindneſs; ſo that the ſpectators, and even Cæſar himſelf (for old Veſpaſian was preſent in Marcellus's Theatre) were highly delighted with the ſight."

CARDINAL MAZARINE.

CARDINAL DE RETZ tells us, that in the adminiſtration of Mazarine (almoſt as oppreſſive and wicked a miniſter as has ever appeared), a peaſant riding upon a lean and half ſtarved mule, at every falſe ſtep the poor beaſt made, curſed Cardinal Mazarine; upon which

which he aſked what connection there could poſſibly be between the ſtumbling of his mule and the *miniſter?* "The Cardinal," replied the fellow, "is the ſole, the only cauſe of the jade ſtumbling; he has taxed barley—barley is my beaſt's provender: this tax makes me unable to feed it as before; want of good food makes it weak, and weakneſs produces ſtumbling; *twenty thouſand curſes light on the Cardinal!*"

INGENUITY.

A LAME Duck, who is advertized for eloping with the money of his principal, left a couple of laconic notes behind him. To his wife he wrote a very *affecting* epiſtle.—"My dear wife, I leave you cheerfully to the arms of the man you love." To the gentleman, whoſe money to the amount of 10,000l. he had carried off, he wrote a billet to this effect—"Dear ſir, I have complete proof of your criminal correſpondence; in the moral and correcting ſpirit of the courts, I ſhould certainly get a verdict to the whole amount of the ſum in my hands—in kindneſs therefore to you, I take the money at once, and ſave you both the *expence* and the *ſhame* of a law-ſuit."

ANECDOTE FOR LORDS OF MANORS IN ENGLAND.

WHEN the celebrated Duc de Longueville was preſſed by ſome of his ſycophants to proſecute ſome neighbouring gentlemen who hunted upon his manors, he replied, "Pray let them alone; I prefer having *friends* to having *game.*"

INSCRIPTION TO BE SEEN ON THE WALLS OF THE BRIDEWELL, AT ROCHESTER.

RICHARD WATTS, Esq.
By his Will, dated August 23, 1579,
Founded this Charity,
For Six poor Travellers, who, not being
Rogues or Lawyers,
May receive, *Gratis*, for one Night,
Lodging, Entertainment, and Four-pence each—
In Testimony of his Munificence,
In honour to his Memory,
and Inducement to his Example,
NATHANIEL WOOD, Esq. the present Mayor,
Has raised this Stone,
Gratefully to be Renewed, and Inscribed,
A. D. 1771.
The Mayor and Citizens of this City, and Dean and
Chapter, Church-Wardens and Commonalty
of the New Bridge, are
to see this Executed for Ever.

A NEW WAY OF ACQUIRING THE DUTCH LANGUAGE.

THE great Erasmus mentions a man, one Philario, an Italian, who, in Holland, was very much afflicted with worms. While the worms were in his body, he spoke the Dutch language fluently. When his physician cured him of the disorder, he could not speak a word of that language. The Dutch worms and the Dutch language left Philario together!

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

TELLS us, that in 1333, he saw persons beyond the land of Cathy, who were "wild, with horns on their heads, very hideous, and speak not, but rout as swine!"

ELEANOR

ELEANOR AND MARY.

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

ELEANOR and MARY were two ſiſters, born of very reſpectable parents, in the South of England. An excellent education had been beſtowed upon both of them, but the difference of their diſpoſitions rendered the benefits ariſing from it extremely various. Eleanor, the younger, was of a quick and lively temper; ſhe loved the company of the faſhionable and the gay—to be admired at a ball, or praiſed for the clearneſs of her voice, were amongſt the firſt objects of her ambition. The pleaſures of the country in which ſhe lived, were all loſt upon her; her mind was too light to meditate with comfort on ſerious ſubjects, and often did ſhe wiſh to have an opportunity of diſplaying her imagined elegance of form and muſical abilities, in the wider range of metropolitan company. Happy in reality would Eleanor have been, had that opportunity never offered. The temper of Mary was of a different caſt; ſhe cordially loved the cheerful companion, but deteſted that idle *frivolity* which is generally ſo conſpicuous in the company of the young. She was affable, ſerious, and devout; ſhe had made great proficiency in drawing, muſic, and the other faſhionable accompliſhments, but ſtill regarded them in a *due light*, and deemed them *fit* to paſs the jovial *moment*, not to *engroſs* the *hour*. Frequently would ſhe reprimand, and almoſt quarrel with her ſiſter, for devoting ſo much time to what periſhes in the uſing. She had gained an intimate knowledge of that uſeful language the French, which Eleanor thought too laborious to acquire; ſhe ſtudiouſly endeavoured to obtain thoſe graces and virtues which might befriend her in future years; and whilſt Eleanor acted in her purſuits, as though ſhe thought

thought to-morrow will be for ever *as this day, and that more abundantly*, Mary wiſely looked forward to that period in which it was probable ſhe would become the mother and the wife, and prepared herſelf for the proper fulfilment of thoſe offices. The ſneers of the thoughtleſs and the gay could avail nothing to draw her from the road of ſenſe and virtue; when the butterflies of the day would teaze her with their buzzing, ſhe teazed them by her noble indifference; whilſt Eleanor, ſurrounded by flattery, and puffed up by fulſome adulation, grew vain, and beheld her acquaintance with contempt, Mary felt herſelf ſtill a mortal, and was always ready to relieve the diſtreſſes of her fellow creatures. In ſhort, ſhe was at once a pattern for the young and the delight of the aged. Though both theſe young ladies were beloved by their parents, in an equal proportion as they were equally related to them, yet the reader muſt eaſily imagine, there was hope in the future proſpect of the elder, which, (in ſpite of all their admonitions) was not to be found in the younger. Mary was a plant on which they much depended, nor was their confidence miſplaced; in proceſs of time the bud unfolded and *ſpread its fragrance all around!*

The difference of their age was about two years, and juſt as the eldeſt had attained her twentieth year, they were invited to ſpend a few months with a friend in London. Now it was that Eleanor felt enthuſiaſtic pleaſure; now an opportunity offered for the gratification of her vanity. Her beauty and tinſeled perfections, ſoon as might be expected, paved her way into what is ſtyled the *polite circle*, and gained her a long liſt of adventuring admirers. Amongſt them was a gentleman of fortune, who, having been once or twice in her company, was ſo ſmitten with her beauty and voice, as to demand her hand; and ſhe, taken with the ſplendour of his equipage, yielded to the offer.

In vain did her friends reaſon with her on the neceſſity of *real* affection for *real* happineſs; in vain did they

they comment on the frequent inconſtancy of *firſt love*; ſhe thought herſelf wiſer than them all, and ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to the altar by a man of fortune without principle. But, alas! how ſoon did ſhe find her error, then too late to be retrieved! Her huſband daſhed from one kind of gaiety to another, till the odious gaming-table touched his all. Unable to ſupport the concert, the ſweetneſs of the voice could no longer charm; unable to drive the carriage, the ſplendid equipage ſunk into oblivion, and coldneſs and diſguſt taking the place of momentary affection, he entirely forſook her. To add to her misfortune, ſhe found herſelf likely to become a mother. What could ſhe do? Ruin ſeemed inevitable, and Eleanor, juſt before the beautiful and gay, was now the wretched and forlorn. What would have become of her God only knows, had not her offended father, who had never ſeen her ſince her marriage, hearing of her diſtreſſed ſituation, ſent to invite her home. Thither ſhe then retired from the deluding world, happy to find herſelf again under her paternal roof. In due time ſhe was delivered of a boy, which, (perhaps happily for herſelf and family, ſince, had it lived, it would have been the conſtant memento of her imprudence) was ſhortly removed by Providence to the regions of felicity.

Thus widowed in the prime of life, and retired to her native place to end her days in penitence and peace, let the reader leave her, and return to contemplate with delight her contraſt, in the character of her ſiſter.

MARY, who upon her ſiſter's marriage, had returned to her father's, a ſituation more congenial than London to the growth of her purſuits, received, at the age of two and twenty, the offers of a gentleman of reſpectability in the neighbourhood, with whom ſhe concluded an alliance at once honourable and happy. In the courſe of a twelvemonth her family increaſed, and the whole five ſons and three daughters, of which it was compoſed, were entirely attended through their puerile

years

years by their ineſtimable mother, ſhe being thoroughly convinced *a child is too precious a creature to be truſted to mercenary hirelings!* All their little paſſions were watched with an anxious and unceaſing eye; all their little wants were ſupplied with a benevolent and unwearied hand; all their little humours, however refractory, brought into ſubjection, not by the unnatural ſtroke of a rod, left to a ſervant's diſcretion, but by the milder and equally effectual method of maternal vigilance and care. Often has ſhe exclaimed, that it was greater pleaſure to her to ſee her children comfortably put to reſt, than to be at the moſt brilliant aſſembly. Would to God, O Britain! that all thy mothers were like her. She thought *(and let her name be venerated for the thought) parents* cannot from duty do *too much* for their children. It would be foreign to the ſubject to enlarge here; I ſhall therefore only remark, that unleſs parents diſcharge to the utmoſt their duties to their children, they have no juſt claim on their children for ſupport, when the evil days draw nigh. I ſhould wiſh *young married* people to impreſs their minds with this ſuggeſtion. Having choſen to inſtruct the male part of her family till they were beyond the power of a mother to teach, they were then put under the care of a clergyman in the neighbourhood; here they received ſuch inſtruction as, with their parents' aſſiſtance, enabled them to fill future ſtations in life with happineſs to themſelves and honour to their connections. The daughters, Mary entirely inſtructed herſelf, and having ſeen the danger to which polite accompliſhments carried to exceſs, expoſe young women, in the fate of her ſiſter, ſhe was more anxious to make them ſenſible and virtuous, than vain and accompliſhed. This ſhe fully effected; and after outliving, ſome years, the partner of her labours, ſhe was gratified at being ſupported through the end of life by her obedient children, all of whom, before her death, ſhe ſaw happily ſettled in the world;

Rever'd

Rever'd and honour'd, lovely like herſelf,
And good, the grace of all the country round!

Thus have I briefly given (for *brief* articles are read when *long eſſays* are paſſed by unnoticed) the different characters of two ſiſters; and I have pointed out the particular circumſtances of their lives, in which the advantages of the acquirements of the one, ſhone beyond thoſe of the other. I am ſure no mother of ſenſe will read the narrative, without feeling it her duty and pleaſure not merely to act like Mary, but to endeavour to have her daughters MARYS alſo; and I would truſt, young people of each ſex will perceive the neceſſity of attaining, at an early period, a large portion of *ſteadineſs and caution*, that they may ſee through the artifices of the world, diſcharge life's progreſſive duties with ability, and lay, by theſe means, a ſolid foundation for comfort and ſatisfaction.

Hackney. J. F.

STATE
OF
THE ANCIENT CITY OF JERUSALEM,
IN THE YEAR 1797.

[*From Browne's Travels into Egypt and Syria.*]

I MUST confeſs the aſpect of JERUSALEM did not gratify my expectation. On aſcending an hill, diſtant about three miles, this celebrated city roſe to view, ſeated on an eminence, but ſurrounded by others of a greater height, and its walls, which remain tolerably perfect, form the chief object in the approach. They are conſtructed of a reddiſh ſtone. As the day was extremely cold, and ſnow began to fall, the proſpect was not ſo intereſting as it might have proved at a more favourable ſeaſon.

Mendicants

Mendicants perfectly swarm in the place, allured by the hope of alms from the piety of the pilgrims. The religious of the *Terra Santa* retain great power; and there is one manufacture that flourishes in the utmost vigour, namely, that of reliques, crucifixes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, chaplets, and the like. Yet the church of the Holy Sepulchre is so much neglected, that the snow fell into the middle; the beams, said to be cedar, are falling, and the whole roof is in a ruinous state. The Armenian Convent is elegant, and so extensive, as to present accommodation for no less than a thousand pilgrims.

During twelve or thirteen days, a very deep snow lay upon the ground. The Catholic Convent has a large subterraneous cistern, into which the snow melting from the roof, and other parts, is conveyed, and supplies the monks with water for a great portion of the year.

The best view of JERUSALEM is from the *Mount of Olives*, on the east of the city. In front is the chief mosque, which contains, according to the tradition of the Mahomedans, the body of Solomon. From the same Mount may be discovered, in a clear day, the *Dead Sea*, nearly south-east, reflecting a whitish gleam. The intervening region appears very rocky.

The *Tombs of the Kings*, so denominated, are worthy of remark, being of Grecian sculpture, and on a hard rock. There are several ornaments on the sarcophagi, of foliage and flowers, and each apartment is secured with a massive panneled door of stone. Great ravages have been made here in search of treasure. These tombs have, probably, been constructed in the time of Herod and his successors, kings of Judea.

At about the distance of two hours, or six miles, stands BETHLEHEM, in a country happy in soil, air, and water. The latter is conveyed in a low aqueduct, or stone channel, which formerly passed to Jerusalem. The *fons signatus*, is an exuberant spring; it is received

ceived ſucceſſively by three large ciſterns, one of which is well preſerved. In coming from the ciſterns, and at a ſmall diſtance, is ſeen what is termed the *Deliciæ Solomonis*, a beautiful rivulet, which flows murmuring down the valley, and waters in its courſe ſome gardens of excellent ſoil. The brinks of this brook are adorned with a variety of herbage. Olives, vines, and fig-trees, flouriſh abundantly in the neighbourhood. The olive trees are daily decreaſing in number, as they are ſacrificed to the perſonal enmities of the inhabitants, who meanly ſeek revenge by ſawing down in the night thoſe that belong to their adverſaries. As this tree is of ſlow growth it is ſeldom replaced. A more pleaſing object ariſes in the convent here, which contains under one roof the different tenets of Latins, Armenians, and Greeks.

About the ſame diſtance from Jeruſalem towards the wilderneſs, is the Convent of St. John, ſituated in the midſt of a romantic country, ſtudded with vines and olive trees. In the village of St. John and its diſtrict, the Mahomedans form the greater part of the population.

The mode of agriculture here purſued may be worthy of obſervation. As the country abounds in abrupt inequalities, little walls are erected which ſupport the ſoil and form narrow terraces. Small ploughs are uſed, drawn by oxen, and it requires no ſlight dexterity in the driver to turn his plough and avoid damaging the walls. The ſoil, thus ſecured, is extremely favourable to cultivation. The breed of black cattle is, in general, diminutive. Horſes are few in number, and aſſes, reſembling the European, are chiefly uſed for travelling.

We may ſafely eſtimate the preſent population of JERUSALEM, at from eighteen to twenty thouſand. It is governed by an Aga, appointed by the Paſha of Damaſcus; but he is allowed ſo few troops, that all Paleſtine may be regarded as in the power of the

Arabs. The Chriſtian women, who abound in Jeruſalem, wear white veils as a diſtinction from the Mahomedan, who wear other colours. Arabic is the general language, except among the Armenians and Greeks.

A

WONDERFUL STORY

FOR A

WINTER'S EVENING.

[*From Plot's Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire.*]

SOON after the death of Charles I. a commiſſion was appointed to ſurvey the King's Houſe at Woodſtock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demeſnes to that manor belonging; and one Collins hired himſelf under a feigned name as ſecretary to the commiſſioners, who, upon the 13th of October, 1649, met, and took up their reſidence in the *King's own rooms.* His Majeſty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council hall their pantry, and the preſence-chamber was the place where they ſat for the diſpatch of buſineſs. His Majeſty's dining-room they made their wood-yard, and ſtored it with the wood of the famous Royal Oak, from the High Park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of King about it, they had dug up by the roots, and ſplit and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they ſat on the 16th of the ſame month for the diſpatch of buſineſs, and, in the midſt of their firſt debate, there entered a large black dog (as they thought) which made a dreadful howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed and vaniſhed. This gave them the greater ſurprize, as the doors were kept conſtantly locked, ſo that no real dog could

could get in or out. The next day their ſurprize was increaſed, when, ſitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noiſe of perſons walking over their heads, though they well knew that the doors were all locked, and there could be nobody there. Preſently after, they heard alſo all the wood of the King's Oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the preſence-chamber, as alſo all the chairs, ſtools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room; the papers, containing the minutes of their tranſactions, were torn, and the ink-glaſs broken. When all this noiſe had ceaſed, Giles Sharp, their ſecretary, propoſed to enter firſt into theſe rooms; and, in the preſence of the commiſſioners, from whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood ſpread about the room, the chairs toſſed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink-glaſs broken (as has been ſaid) but not the leaſt track of any human creature, nor the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect one, as the doors were all faſt, and the keys in the cuſtody of the commiſſioners; it was therefore unanimouſly agreed, that the power that did this miſchief, muſt have entered the room at the key-hole.

The night following Sharp, the ſecretary, with two of the Commiſſioners' ſervants, as they were in bed in the ſame room, which room was contiguous to the room in which the Commiſſioners lay, had their beds' feet lifted ſo much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once, with ſo much violence, as ſhook the whole houſe, and more than ever terrified the Commiſſioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the ſame room, for the greater ſafety, and lights burning by them, the candle inſtantly went out with a ſulphureous ſmell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which, next morning, were found to be the ſame their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the

pantry, though not a lock was found opened in the whole houſe. The next night they fared ſtill worſe, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours' beds were rattled to and fro with great violence; their honours received many cruel blows and bruiſes, by eight great pewter diſhes, and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off, were heard rolling about the room, though in the morning none of theſe were to be ſeen. This night, likewiſe, they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noiſes, but all was clear in the morning as if no ſuch thing had happened. The next night the Keeper of the King's houſe, and his dog, lay in the Commiſſioner's room, and then they had no diſturbance. But on the night of the 22d, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brick bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteouſly, their bed-clothes were all ſtripped off, and their terror increaſed. On the 24th they thought all the wood of the King's Oak was violently thrown down by their bed-ſides; they counted 64 billets that fell, and ſome hit and ſhook the beds in which they lay. but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet-wood was kept. The next night the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack, like thunder, was heard, and one of the ſervants running in haſte, thinking his maſter was killed, found three dozen of trenchers laid ſmoothly under the quilt by him.

But all this was nothing to what ſucceeded afterwards. The 29th, about midnight, the candles went out, ſomething walked majeſtically through the room, and opened and ſhut the windows; great ſtones were thrown violently into the room, ſome of which fell on the beds, others on the floor; and about a quarter after one a noiſe was heard as of 40 cannon diſcharged together,

gether, and again repeated at about eight minutes diſtance. This alarmed and raiſed all the neighbourhood, who, coming into their honours' room, gathered up the great ſtones, fourſcore in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where, in Dr. Plot's time, who reports this ſtory, they were to be ſeen. This noiſe, like the diſcharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for ſixteen miles round. During theſe noiſes, which were heard in both rooms together, the Commiſſioners and their ſervants gave one another over for loſt, and cried out for help, and Giles Sharp ſnatching up a ſword, had well nigh killed one of their honours, miſtaking him for the ſpirit, as he came in his ſhirt from his own room to theirs. While they were together, the noiſe was continued, and part of the tiling of the houſe was ſtript off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th, at midnight, ſomething walked into the chamber, treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming pan violently on the floor, at the ſame time a large quantity of broken glaſs, accompanied with great ſtones and horſe bones, came pouring into the room with uncommon force. Theſe were all found in the morning to the aſtoniſhment and terror of the Commiſſioners, who were yet determined to go on with their buſineſs.

But on the 1ſt of November the moſt dreadful ſcene of all enſued. Candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noiſe like the burſting of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were toſſed about by it, even into their honours' beds, who called Giles, and his companions, to their relief, otherwiſe the houſe had been burnt to the ground. About an hour the candles went out as uſual, the crack, as if of many cannon, was heard, and many pailfulls of green ſtinking water were thrown upon their honours'

beds; great ſtones were alſo thrown in as before, the bed curtains and the bedſteads torn and broken, the windows ſhattered, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the moſt dreadful noiſes; nay, the very rabbit ſtealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were ſo terrified, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night ſpoke, and—*in the name of God aſked what it was, and why it diſturbed them ſo?* No anſwer was given to this, but the noiſe ceaſed for a while, when the ſpirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it *ſeven devils worſe than itſelf.* One of the ſervants now lighted a large candle, and ſet it in the doorway between the two chambers, to ſee what paſſed; and as he watched it, he plainly ſaw a *hoof* ſtriking the candle and candleſtick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three ſcrapes over the ſnuff, ſcraped it out. Upon this the ſame perſon was ſo bold as to draw a ſword, but he had ſcarce got it out, when he felt another inviſible hand holding it too, and pulling it from him, and at length prevailing, ſtruck him ſo violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this inſtant was heard another burſt like the diſcharge of the broadſide of a ſhip of war, and, at about a minute or two's diſtance each, no leſs than nineteen more ſuch, theſe ſhook the houſe ſo violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this, as has been ſaid, being all alarmed, flocked to the houſe in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and pſalm ſinging, during which the noiſe ſtill continued in the other rooms, and the diſcharge of cannon was heard as from without, though no viſible agent was ſeen to diſcharge them. But what was the moſt alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happened the next day, as they were all at dinner, when a paper, in which they had ſigned a mutual agreement to

reſerve

reſerve part of the premiſes out of the general ſurvey, and afterwards to ſhare it equally among themſelves, (which paper they had hid for the preſent under the earth, in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew) was conſumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire, with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue flame and an intolerable ſtench, ſo that they were all driven out of the houſe, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

This *wonderful* contrivance was all the invention of the memorable Joſeph Collins, of Oxford, otherwiſe called *Funny Joe*, who having hired himſelf as ſecretary, under the name of *Giles Sharp*, by knowing the private traps belonging to the houſe, and by the help of *pulvis fulminans*, and othet chemical preparations, and letting his fellow-ſervants into the ſcheme, carried on the deceit without diſcovery to the very laſt, inſomuch, that the late Dr. Plot, in his Natural Hiſtory, relates the whole for fact, and concludes in this *grave manner* —"That though tricks have often been played in affairs of this kind, many of the things above related, are not reconcileable with juggling; ſuch as the loud noiſes, beyond the power of man to make, without ſuch inſtruments as were both there; the tearing and breaking the beds, the throwing about the fire, the *hoof* treading out the candle, and the ſtriving for the ſword, and the blow the man received from the pummel of it,"

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON SYMPATHY,

IN A

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM always happy when I have an opportunity of recommending any of thoſe feelings of the heart which do honour to humanity. To "weep with thoſe that weep," to lighten the burden of human woe, and to adminiſter comfort to the dejected ſoul, are offices, to the exerciſe of which we have frequent calls. I live, Mr. Editor, in a ſmall country village; and from my ſituation in life, am ſometimes called to houſes in which poverty and affliction ſeem to have taken up their abode; yet, believe me, ſir, I never return from thoſe houſes with greater pleaſure, or with more heartfelt ſatisfaction, than when I think I have contributed my ſhare in wiping away the falling tear, or whiſpering peace to the troubled breaſt. Small however as the village is, it produces two characters as oppoſite almoſt in their features, as the darkneſs of a ſtormy night is to the ſplendour of meridian day. Theſe characters allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, under the names of *Auſterus* and *Humanus*; the former a man of callous ſoul, the latter one who thinks, and feels while he thinks.

Auſterus poſſeſſes a fortune of three thouſand pounds a year, has an elegant houſe, and keeps a large retinue. His lands yield abundant crops, and his flocks are heard bleating on the neighbouring hills. His tenants are pretty numerous, his dependents many. One at firſt would be induced to imagine that this man was deſtined by heaven as a bleſſing to that part of the country in which he is placed; that the families around him would hail him as their liberal benefactor, and that his domeſtics would bleſs the hour in which they entered the ſpacious hall. However natural this concluſion, it would,

would, in fact, be far from being well founded. Extremely paſſionate, he rages and ſtorms; and even after the ſtorm has ſubſided, his face beſpeaks the anger which he can ill conceal. Sour and auſtere, haughty and overbearing, he is dreaded by his ſervants and deſpiſed by all. His tenants, whoſe lands are rented to the full, barely ſubſiſt; regret the moment they were ſo unfortunate as to tread the ground of hard oppreſſion *, and even curſe him to their hearts. But what adds an indelible ſtigma to the character of Auſterus, is, that he is inexcuſable to the poor, and unfeeling to the ſons of diſtreſs. It is a painful truth, that his cane has been often lifted up over the head of poverty, as it has approached his lordly door to beg a pittance. What! O hardened Auſterus! were riches given thee to indulge thy pampered carcaſe, and to ſteel thy heart againſt thy poorer *brethren!* for let me tell thee, that ſhivering beggar there is ſtill thy brother.

Beſides the poor, the afflicted who are toſſed on the bed of ſickneſs, implore his aſſiſtance in vain. Pity is even denied them. I ventured once to recommend to him a family in the pariſh, on whom affliction's rod had long continued to lie; and I found, ere I had finiſhed my ſad narration, a tear, ſomehow or other, had forced its way down my cheek. He heard me with a ſhocking indifference, ſaid *he would think of it*, and turned away rudely from me, though I aſſured him (what was too true, and aggravated his ſhame) that they reſided in a corner of his own eſtate; and that their ſituation admitted of no delay. As he retired, I could perceive that he was indignant at my freedom, a circumſtance which forced from me the exclamation of the *Patriarch* —"Curſed be his anger, for it was fierce; and his wrath, for it was cruel!" I envy not his crimſon bed of ſtate, nor his "faring ſumptuouſly every day,"

* A remark too applicable, for few are the farmers in northern counties who meet with a generous encouragement.

while

while he poſſeſſes a niggardly ſoul. Better, infinitely better is that man, who, though his ſhare of wealth may be more ſcanty, is bleſſed with a noble, a liberal heart! and ſuch is Humanus.

Humanus honours me with his acquaintance and his confidence. I know his heart and its feelings almoſt as well as he knows them himſelf. Deſcended from worthy anceſtors, he retains no ſmall portion of their virtues. Poſſeſſing a moderate fortune, he has no idea of extravagance. What he thinks of is to do good with the little which he enjoys. His benignity is indeed wonderful. It often puts me to the bluſh, when I reflect how far I fall ſhort of it. It was but the other day, "Come," ſays he, "let us make a ſhort excurſion." I followed him. We entered a thatched cottage, I ſhall never forget the ſight, nor the part my friend acted on that occaſion.

On a low bed lay the very picture of wretchedneſs. Death ſeemed to have little more to do than to cloſe the eyes of one who appeared to ſay, "I fly to the grave as the end of my ſorrows." The feeling Humanus, whoſe very ſoul is ſympathy, with a ſoft ſtep approached the bed of the ſufferer, his eyes full of tears, his heart oppreſſed with grief; "Live," he cried, "Heaven is kind—Who can tell what happineſs is in reſerve for you? I go to ſend for the phyſician, and ſhall immediately return." Humanus haſted home to give directions to his ſervant, and came quickly back. His intentions to the afflicted mother (for ſhe was a poor widow, having four children) were now renewed; ſome wine which he had brought with him, was adminiſtered with ſucceſs; and the arrival of the Doctor, who expreſſed hopes of her recovery, changed, I could perceive, the face of my friend, the joy of his heart ſhone forth in his countenance; and never did he appear in my eyes more worthy or more amiable. "Happy Humanus," ſaid I to myſelf "the rewards of virtue are ſure. Thou already enjoyeſt thoſe within thy own

own breaſt, and heaven has ſtill greater ones in ſtore for thee—may thy laudable example become more univerſal!" He repeated frequently his viſits to the humble dwelling; nor were theſe viſits dropped till he ſaw there was leſs occaſion for them. The fact is, great fatigue of body, and ſtill greater of mind, had brought a violent fever on the forlorn widow, which the ſympathy of Humanus, more than the preſcriptions of the phyſician, had tended to remove. She now lives uſeful to her children, and is often heard to pray heaven's richeſt bleſſing on the head of her compaſſionate friend and generous benefactor. Such are the charming effects of beneficence, and ſuch the diſpoſition of Humanus.

I have finiſhed my ſtory, Mr. Editor, and upon a review of the two characters, would ſimply aſk you, "Whether would you be an Auſterus or an Humanus; a ſordid ſelfiſh being, or one who poſſeſſes a generous, a heaven-born ſoul?"

BENEVOLUS.

Auguſt 13th, 1799.

SINCERITY

IS in itſelf lovely, exalted, and endearing; lovely becauſe it comprehends that which is beautiful and exalted, becauſe that which is good is likewiſe great; and conſequently its fair ſublimity renders it an object endearing to thoſe finer feelings implanted in our natures.

Sincerity is the firm foundation whereon *truth* rears her dauntleſs front—it is the characteriſtic of a great ſoul, the indicator of real worth, and the ſhield of virtue: whereas inſincerity is the parent and nurſe of falſehood, the groveling ſupport of mean actions, and the cloak of vice; and where is the man poſſeſſed of that dignity attached to an immortal ſoul, who is not ſenſible of this? or where the inſincere who act with a noble conſiſtency of character?

The

The more we practiſe ſincerity, the more are we in love with it. Sincerity is a fair ſource of numerous and valuable virtues—delightful are its paths, ſelf-approving its heavenly dictates, and all harmonious its attendant graces. Like the majeſtic oak that firmly ſcorns the hurricane, ſo doth ſincerity ſcorn the creeping wiles and evaſions of its enemies. Sincerity is the parent of genuine liberty, and hence thoſe glowing emotions that warm the patriot's breaſt. Say, is there not ſomething in it inexpreſſibly engaging; liſten to the converſation of a candid man, and your very ſoul is warmed with admiration. Obſerve his actions, are they not conformable to the dictates of pure morality? O! there is in candour a ſtriking reſemblance to the ſportive lamb, the innocent dove, and the tranſparent ſtream. Sympathy and charity go hand in hand with this amiable companion—indeed they lean on her for ſupport.

National and domeſtic affairs owe their tranquillity to love and ſincerity; when thoſe virtues are uncultivated, alas! how deplorable the conſequences! Sincerity retorts on itſelf, and like ſtreams that overflow their banks, doth inſincerity grovel in a falſe channel.

Where riches have diſſeminated a luxurious mood, little, very little true candour is to be found. Commerce is too frequently tainted with duplicity; not that we wiſh to throw an odium on every merchant and tradeſman; no! for there are amongſt this reſpectable claſs of men, thoſe who are ornaments in ſociety, and an honour to human nature; yet it is amongſt the ſwains we muſt expect to find the greateſt proportion of true ſincerity. Although this noble principle may be cultivated everywhere, yet rural ſolitude is beſt adapted to its ſteady diffuſion—a diffuſion mild as are the ſun's departing rays, or ſplendid as his oriental vegitation. Since then ſincerity is of ſo important a nature, and ſo valuable an acquiſition, it behoves

hoves us to cheriſh this diſpoſition, pregnant with happineſs.

J. C.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

Books are neceſſary to correct the vices of the polite, but thoſe vices are ever changing, and the antidote ſhould be changed accordingly—ſhould ſtill be new.

GOLDSMITH.

IN a gay and flouriſhing city in the north of England, reſided young Steinfort and Eliza, characters equally celebrated for their perſonal accompliſhments, but whoſe diſpoſitions were the reverſe of what they were repreſented by the world. Steinfort, in whom a deteſtation of the frivolous purſuits of faſhion, was ſuppoſed a deteſtation of every thing ſacred and excellent, appeared to the eye of the world as a ſullen miſanthrope; though it was ſecretly whiſpered that his private hours were ſpent in ſecret revels and ſenſual gratifications. Eliza, in whom united a maſculine underſtanding, with the moſt feminine ſweetneſs, owed the falſe colouring of her character to neglected beaux and ſlighted admirers, who concluded that nothing but a miracle of affectation and coquetry could have remained inſenſible to their forced ſighs and ſtudied exclamations. Such were the opinions of the world of two amiable characters, who had been mutually ſtricken with each other's perſon, with no further acquaintance than a caſual meeting in their walks, or ſitting in the ſame box at the theatre; and had ſecretly lamented an incongruity of diſpoſition which unfitted them for that happineſs which each had eagerly anticipated from the ties of matrimony. Steinfort being one evening in a mixed

company, who freely handled the reputation of their neighbours, perhaps even without a ſuperficial acquaintance, heard his fair Eliza pictured as the child of caprice and the dupe of flattery, inſomuch, that every ſentence which magnified her charms or extolled her virtues, was anſwered with the ſigh of deſire, and a look that ſeemed to thirſt for more.

Revolving theſe thoughts in his mind, he ſtrayed into a neighbouring grove to ruminate on the deception of appearances, and lament that perſonal beauty ſhould be the companion of mental deformity. Having ſeated himſelf beneath an embowering oak in a remote part of the wood, he began to philoſophize on his preſent ſtate of mind. Thoſe principles which had hitherto been his ſole motives to action, ſeemed ſenſibly to have loſt their influence, and he endeavoured in vain to rally them to the combat. He pictured the periſhable charms of beauty in the moſt contemptible light that ingenuity could deviſe, but all to no purpoſe. Eliza ſtill appeared as an exception, and threw a charm over the foibles of her ſex, that rendered them leſs inſupportable. Finding he attempted in vain to diveſt himſelf of a partiality which ſeemed fraught with future evils, he ſtarted from his moſſy ſeat, and with haſty ſteps was leaving the grove, when he beheld the object of his contemplation at a ſmall diſtance, among the trees, and penſively walking towards him, with her eyes fixed on the ground. He gazed on her for a moment with doubtful admiration, irreſolute whether to advance or retreat. At length love ſeemed to conquer, and undecided, he found himſelf mechanically moving towards her. She had now ſtopped, and was leaning againſt a tree for ſupport, in an attitude that rendered lovelineſs more lovely!

The melancholy poſture in which ſhe ſtood, the ſilence of the ſcene around, and the placid ſweetneſs which was imprinted on her features, conſpired to heighten his admiration, and he had juſt reſolved to addreſs

addreſs her, when he perceived himſelf obſerved. The ſituation admitted of no alternative, but abruptly returning or paſſing near each other. A moment's heſitation determined the choice of Eliza, and ſhe again came forward. As they approached each other, ſhe viewed him with a look full of tenderneſs and pity, which, while it cheriſhed his hope, checked his preſumption, and he involuntarily paſſed her, curſing his own irreſolution. Having proceeded a few paces, he ventured to turn and take another look, the ſame motives appeared to have actuated Eliza, and their eyes again met. It was but for a moment, the next ſaw them continue their walk, equally abſorbed in reflection.

"Heavens!" exclaimed he "and can ſuch ſweetneſs of expreſſion, ſuch chaſtity of demeanour, be the aſſociate of wantonneſs? why am I not fully convinced? why did I not addreſs her in the language of adulation, the world gives her credit for flexibility, and the reſult would prove a ſpeedy cure for my paſſion. He now took a circuitous turn in the wood, reſolved to embrace the firſt opportunity of aſſuming the flatterer, and informing himſelf of her depravity. Anticipating the ſucceſs of his laſt reſolve, he was a ſecond time quitting the grove, when, abruptly turning a corner, he again met the object of his thoughts, heſitating how to croſs a gap of the earth for want of aſſiſtance. A faint bluſh ſuffuſed her cheek as ſhe encountered his eye, and ſhe was haſtily retreating, when Steinfort politely ſtepped forward and tendered her his hand. Politeneſs would not ſuffer her to refuſe him, and ſhe accepted it. He had no ſooner handed her over, than he again ſtaggered in his purpoſe; her beauty appeared more tranſcendently victorious, and he deſiſted for fear of giving offence. Her hand, which he ſtill retained in his, ſhe now endeavoured to withdraw, and he found he muſt quickly reſolve or loſe the opportunity. He repeatedly eſſayed to ſpeak, but as repeatedly failed, till ſhe ſome-

what relieved him by making a polite acknowledgment of his ſervices, and informing him that her road lay to the left hand.

His reſolution now revived, and with a reluctance he could ill conceal, he replied, "Madam, the brilliancy of your charms, and the acknowledged ſuperiority you bear over the females in this part of the world, would make it preſumption in me to offer my ſervices any farther, yet the ſun condeſcends to ſmile on all; and would, that beauty, which is equally divine, were equally impartial?" He now pauſed, expecting, doubtleſs, to trace in her look the approbation of the lady, but encountered the inſulted dignity of the woman. The chagrin with which ſhe had liſtened to this rhapſody of libertiniſm, was evidently depicted in her countenance, and, ſnatching her hand indignantly from his graſp, ſhe replied, "Sir, this is perfectly conſiſtent with your character, which however faſhionable in the world, is a character which I muſt ever deſpiſe." He endeavoured to explain, but ſhe was gone with "a countenance more in ſorrow than in anger." The juſtneſs of her reproof had rivetted him to the ſpot, and he could only follow her with his eyes.

(To be continued.)

ON

DISSATISFACTION.

IN almoſt every ſtage of a man's life, there appears ſomething wanting to complete his happineſs. The mind is ever on the wing in queſt of ſome object, the attainment of which, it is vainly hoped, will produce permanent felicity. But thoſe perſons purſue an imaginary phantom.—Were all our wiſhes gratified we ſhould feel unhappineſs; for nothing indeed can be more dreaded, than that ſtate of exiſtence where the mind

mind has nothing to wiſh; when no charming hopes beguile the hours of life, and no previous ſolicitude gives the zeſt to ſubſequent gratification.

The tradeſman who has toiled for years to gain an independence, vainly imagines to enjoy, in the autumn of life, perfect tranquillity. The melody of birds, the fragrance of meadows, the coolneſs of groves, the rippling of ſtreams, and the charming ſight of rural nymphs and ſwains at their early toil, in anticipation already he enjoys. But view him retired from buſineſs—does he now experience thoſe exquiſite delights? Alas! after the novelty is over, his paſſion for thoſe objects is abated, his mind, accuſtomed to regular avocations, is now expoſed to the ravages of languor, without fondneſs for books, and deſtitute of an early fund of information, he now experiences a ſenſation perfectly new to him—want of employ. Independence proves to him a ſource of anxiety, and, if it were not for ſhame, he would relinquiſh his country ſeat, and abandon for ever thoſe charms which he fondly thought exiſted in rural life, for the charming enjoyments of trade, that leave no time unemployed, and which, by its fatigues, like the wand of Morpheus, impart ſweet repoſe. The inſufficiency of worldly diſtinctions to produce happineſs, is unqueſtionable. Though the laurel ſoon fades on the brow of the conqueror, and though the civic crown of honour quickly loſes its brilliancy, yet men are daily ſeen purſuing, with unabating ardour, the means to gain thoſe tranſitory enjoyments. What is the acclamation of the multitude but a momentary impulſe? like the ſunny rays of an April morn, ſhort in their duration. The maſs of mankind are changeful, and torrents of diſapprobation and invective overwhelm the man who ſeeks for felicity from ſuch precarious ſources.

Happineſs is, in many inſtances, ideal. Does not the induſtrious cottager, if he is bleſt with health, enjoy as much felicity as the gentleman of extenſive landed

property? The ſun ſmiles with as much benignancy on the thatched ſhed, as on the noble manſion. The meadow flowers ſhed their odours as laviſhly to the peaſant as the lord; and though he cannot claim the poſſeſſion of the domain, they afford to the beholder the ſame enjoyments. In ſhort, every thing in nature gives, in a certain degree, to the untutored and to the refined, the ſame ſenſations. Happineſs does not conſiſt in titles, poſſeſſions, honours, fame, &c. it depends upon the mind; if that is well regulated, if the paſſions are properly ſubordinate to reaſon, every man will enjoy a due portion of it.

He, it is true, that is placed by Providence in an independent ſituation, however moderate, with cultivated mind and diſciplined paſſions, is like a fortreſs ſituated on the ſummit of a rock, which braves the impetuoſity of the tempeſt, and defies the attacks of any external enemy, and is only vulnerable to the aſſaults of time, at whoſe fell graſp the maſſy ramparts and lofty towers crumble into duſt, and the moſt ſtupendous monuments of art moulder into ruins!

But ſtill it muſt be admitted, that change of ſituation gives birth to thoughts and actions, of which the mind had no previous ſuſpicion.

Few are the number of thoſe whom proſperity has not made arrogant, and fewer thoſe who have preſerved a manly dignity and independent ſpirit in adverſity. Hence it appears that ſcarcely any change, except from poverty, diſeaſe, and ſorrow, is conducive to happineſs. The capacities of moſt men are, in general, ſuited to their ſituations, and few would appear with honour and reſpectability were their wiſhes to be gratified.

How often do we ſee wealth united to meanneſs, ignorance, and folly, and inſolence, their aſſociates? The poor man is docile, induſtrious, and virtuous, but grant him his deſire, make him rich, how is his mind changed? Indolence, arrogance, and voluptuouſneſs ſway his breaſt. Why then do m[illegible] men deſire a change in their

their ſituation, for the number is fewer that are thereby happier? To better their condition in life moſt are deſirous, it is the ſpur to induſtry; ſo far it is unexceptionable, but here it never reſts—the wiſh for eaſe and luxury generally follows, new wiſhes multiply, deſires are ſtimulated and inflamed, religion is abandoned, and every ſolid joy, every wiſh for never-fading felicity is relinquiſhed for fleeting ſenſual gratification.

Oh! when will man be wiſe? when fix the boundaries to inordinate wiſhes, when draw the line of demarcation to hoſtile irrational deſires? what, in reality, does he want? Food, apparel, an habitation, and ſocial friends. Poſſeſſed of theſe, why does he murmur? why does the ſigh of diſcontent heave his boſom? nothing, indiſputably, can excite it which juſtifies the concluſion, that uniformity of condition is not calculated for, or rather does not produce happineſs. The eye loves variety—the brilliant views of nature are lovely, even to the dull.

But there are ſome ſo infatuated with this love of change, that no ſituation, however calculated to pleaſe a rational man, can give them any ſolid ſatisfaction.

Place them amidſt the moſt beautiful ſcenery of nature, which a few years paſt they panted to enjoy, and aſk them whether they feel thoſe emotions of delight they formerly anticipated. The anſwer will prove favourable to the aſſertion, that the moſt valuable acquiſitions impart to the poſſeſſor, after a certain period, no real happineſs—extinguiſhes not the deſire of change—the love of variety—the thirſt for ſomething not yet attained.

The votaries of diſſipation are not exempt from this malady of the mind; pleaſurable gratifications may be varied a thouſand ways, in proportion to the ingenuity, taſte, and power, of thoſe who ſeek for them. But what is ultimately the reſult? a debilitated body and an enfeebled mind, a taſteleſſneſs for rational pleaſure, and an incapacity to enjoy it.

This

This diſregard to the happineſs in our poſſeſſion, this illicit deſire for ſomething new, embitters every enjoyment, poiſons the pure ſprings of happineſs, and produces perfect imbecility of mind; every other idea is abſorbed in this, every generous impulſe is diſregarded; the direction of judgment is ſpurned, the admonitions of reflection and reaſon are unheeded, and nought but the viſionary ſcenes of Elyſium, pictured by vanity, is regarded.

The bold navigator, who roams over trackleſs oceans in queſt of worlds unknown, is, perhaps, as much impelled by motives of curioſity or love of ſomething new, as by patriotiſm. The wiſh to ſee regions peopled by beings of different habits, cuſtoms, language, and laws; to view the appearances of nature in another dreſs, to ſurvey the animals, birds, and botanic ſpecies, in another climate, is, perhaps, one of the ſtrongeſt incitements to a mariner of underſtanding. Accuſtomed to behold the ſcenery of Europe, he no longer views them with enraptured eyes, he ſighs for other objects, he pants with ardour for unknown ſcenes, which no eye has yet explored—to traverſe thoſe realms on which not one of his countrymen has yet trodden. But what are his emotions when he arrives? what addition to his felicity has he accumulated? After the eager thirſt of public curioſity is gratified, he is no longer the object of applauſe and admiration, but like Columbus he will be, perhaps, ultimately neglected and diſgraced.

Thus it appears that almoſt every ſtation has its enjoyments leſſened by the encouragement of this childiſh diſpoſition; inſtead of being ſmothered in its infancy, it is nurſed with care, and ſuffered to grow to a gigantic ſtature—it powerfully influences the heart, and gives the rein to imagination, which often hurries us to the brink of miſery.

May every one reflect on the folly of this ſtate of mind, and reject it with indignation! May they ſteadily cultivate

cultivate virtue, and it will, inevitably, produce fruits of unperiſhable felicity:

Place me, thou great Supreme! in that bleſt ſtate,
Unknown to thoſe the ſilly world call great,
Where all my wants may be with eaſe ſupply'd,
Yet nought ſuperfluous to pamper pride;
But more than nature aſks my boſom craves,
Or ſorrow's ſons may meet untimely graves.
Oh! may my breaſt no dire extremes controul,
Nor wealth nor poverty diſtract my ſoul.
The love of fame, ambition's luſt repel,
With humble happineſs O! let me dwell;
Nor let me quit theſe ſcenes, till time has ſpread
His ſnowy honours on my aged head;
Then cheer'd by hope, by faith ſuſtain'd, I'll bear
The ſtroke of ghaſtly death without a tear.

Fort Street. J. S.

AN

EPITOME

OF

GEOGRAPHY.

LATELY DRAWN UP FOR A SEMINARY OF EDUCATION IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON.

GEOGRAPHY is a ſcience which explains the properties of the earth, both in reſpect to land and water; for of theſe two parts the terraqueous globe is compoſed.

The roundneſs of the earth may be proved by a variety of arguments. 1. When we are on board a ſhip at ſea, we may be out of ſight of land when the land is near enough to be viſible, if it were not hid from our eye by the convexity of the water. In this caſe the tops of hills or cliffs, ſteeples, towers, &c. &c. firſt appear to our

our view, next, the building, and, at laſt of all, the ſhore, which can proceed from nothing elſe but the roundneſs of the earth, whereby the lower objects are longer hid from the ſight than thoſe which are higher. 2. The higher the eye is, the farther the view will be extended: it is very common for ſeamen on the top of the maſt to diſcover land or ſhips at a greater diſtance than thoſe can do who ſtand upon the deck; the object being hid from the latter by the convexity of the water. 3. When we ſtand upon the ſhore, the higheſt part of a ſhip is viſible at the greateſt diſtance; if the ſhip is going from us out to ſea, we ſhall continue to ſee the maſt after the hull or body of the ſhip diſappears, and the top of the maſt will be ſeen the longeſt; but if the ſurface of the ſea were flat, every part of an object would be equally viſible; and not the higheſt, but the largeſt part of an object would be viſible at the greateſt diſtance, ſo that we ſhould be able to ſee the hull of a ſhip farther off than the maſt: but this is contrary to experience; conſequently the earth is round. 4. The convexity of the water may be ſeen in calm weather, and where the fluid is unruffled by the agitation of the ſtream, provided it be a mile or two in a ſtraight line, for a little boat upon the water may be ſeen by a perſon whoſe eye is a ſmall height above the water; but if he ſtoops down and lays his eye near the ſurface, he will find that the boat is covered by the convexity of the water. 5. Several navigators have ſailed round the earth; not in an exact circle, the winding of the ſhores preventing them from ſailing on in a direct courſe; but by ſailing continually to the weſtward, they have reached the place from whence they at firſt departed. This was performed by Magellan, Cavendiſh, Sir Francis Drake, Lord Anſon, Bougainville, Commodore Byron, the Captains Carteret, Wallis, Cook, and others. All the appearances of the heavens, both at land and ſea, are the ſame as they would

would be were the earth a globe, which proves that it really is ſuch, and, laſtly, eclipſes of the moon, which are cauſed by the ſhadow of the earth falling on that planet, demonſtrate that the earth is of a globular figure; for this ſhadow is always globular, whatever ſituation the earth may be in at that time: now a body muſt be globular which always caſts a circular ſhadow. Nor are the little unevenneſſes on the earth's ſurface, ariſing from hills and valleys, any material objection to its being conſidered as a round body; becauſe the higheſt mountains bear a leſs proportion to the bulk of the earth, than the little riſings on the coat of an orange bear to that fruit; or a grain of ſand to an artificial globe of nine inches diameter: and accordingly, we find that the mountains and vallies on the ſurface of the earth, cauſe no irregularities in the ſhadow during a lunar eclipſe; the circumference thereof being even and regular, and appearing as if caſt by a body truly regular.

The methods made uſe of to meaſure the earth are very plain and eaſy to be underſtood. But it will be neceſſary to obſerve that every great circle, and conſequently the circumference of the earth, is divided into 360 equal parts, called degrees, and every degree into 60 equal parts, called minutes, &c. It was neceſſary to give the preference to ſome number, and, probably, that of 360 was fixed upon for this reaſon, that it admits of ſeveral convenient diviſions, as well by the figure 2 as 3. Thus the half is 180, the quarter 90, and the half quarter 45. Alſo the third of 360 is 120, the third of which again is 40. Few other numbers can boaſt of this advantage, eſpecially as every number in both the above diviſions is alſo further diviſible by five.

As every circle is divided into 360 degrees, if at two places, ſituated north and ſouth of each other, the altitude of the ſun be taken on the ſame day at noon, and the ſun be found to be one degree nearer to the zenith

zenith at one place than the other, thoſe two places are one degree aſunder. Now if the diſtance between theſe two places be meaſured by a chain, or otherwiſe, we ſhall know the length of a degree, and conſequently of any part of a degree, in Engliſh meaſure. This has been done by ſeveral geographers, particularly by our countryman Mr. Richard Norwood, who, in the year 1635, obſerved the difference of latitude, and meaſured the diſtance between London and York, by which it appeared, that 367,200 Engliſh feet, or 69 miles and a half, and 14 poles, make a degree. Hence the whole circumference of the globe will be 25,020, and its diameter 7,970 Engliſh miles, reckoning 69 and a half to a degree. If the odd poles be taken into the account, the circumference will then be 25,035 miles, and 240 poles.

The map of the world will give you a much better idea of the world itſelf, than the beſt verbal deſcription. It repreſents the artificial globe taken out of its horizon, ſqueezed flat, cut through, and the two hemiſpheres placed cloſe to each other.

Into how many parts is the earth divided?

Into four parts or quarters; viz. 1. Europe; 2. Aſia; 3. Africa, and 4. America.

What are the other nominal parts of the earth; or how is it yet further divided, in relation to land and water?

It is divided into ten different parts; five belonging to land; viz. 1. Continent; 2. An iſland; 3. A promontory or cape; 4. A peninſula. 5. An iſthmus. The other five belonging to water; viz. 1. An ocean; 2. A lake; 3. A bay; 4. A gulf; and, 5. A ſtrait. Theſe anſwer to each other, as more plainly appears by the following deſcription:

LAND.

1. A continent is a large tract or vaſt extent of main

main land, not ſeparated by any ocean. Thus Europe, Aſia, Africa, &c. are continents.

2. An iſland is a tract of land ſurrounded with water; as Great Britain, Ireland, Jamaica, Madagaſcar, &c. &c.

3. A promontory or cape, is a portion of land running far into the ſea; as Cape Verde, Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c.

4. A peninſula is a part or portion of the earth almoſt ſurrounded with water, ſave only a part or narrow neck of land, which joins or unites it to a continent; as Jutland, the Morea, the Crim Tartary, &c.

5. An iſthmus is a narrow part of land, by which a peninſula is joined to a continent or main land, as the iſthmus of Panama, which joins North and South America together; the iſthmus of Corinth, &c. &c.

WATER.

1. An ocean, or ſea, is a large extent or collection of waters not divided by land; ſuch as the Atlantic or Weſtern Ocean, the Indian Ocean, &c.

2. A lake is a tract of water ſurrounded by land; as the Lake of Geneva, the Dead Sea, the Caſpian Sea, &c.

3. A bay is a portion or part of the ſea, running far up the main land; as the Bay of Biſcay, Bay of Bengal, &c.

4. A gulf is a part of the ocean, almoſt ſurrounded with land, ſave ſome ſtrait or narrow gut of water, by which it has a communication with the ocean; as the Gulf of Perſia, &c.

5. A ſtrait is a narrow paſſage or part of the ſea, which joins one ſea to another; as the Straits of Gibraltar, which join the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic Ocean; the Straits of Babelmandel, &c. &c.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

I NEED not expatiate on the amuſement and utility ſo connected with ſketches of this nature; ſuch productions evince their own merit. I muſt, however, candidly confeſs, that the following *tour* from *London* to *Edinburgh*, is handed you unknown to its author; although Mr. G——— intended it not for publication, we eaſily perceive a claſſical correctneſs, which at once gratifies a well cultivated mind.

I am your obedient ſervant,

J. C.

JOURNEY

FROM

LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

Wedneſday 16th September 1795. After remaining three weeks in a place I ſhall ever remember with the moſt ſincere gratitude and regard, I ſet off from *Coleman Street* at eleven o'clock, accompanied by my old and facetious acquaintance Mr. M. of Edinburgh. Went by *Iſlington*, *Barnet*, *St. Albans*, &c. to *Dunſtable*. This day's journey, only 33 miles, in Middleſex, Hertfordſhire, and Bedfordſhire. *St. Albans* and *Dunſtable* are conſiderable towns, particularly the firſt. There we viſited the pariſh church, which is of great antiquity. It was built out of the ruins of the Roman city of Verulam. The ſcite of an old Roman wall and foſſis ſtill appear round the place where Verulam is ſaid to have ſtood. The "hoary-headed chronicle," who ſhewed us the church, is a great curioſity, and ſpoke Latin in very great purity, and retained evident veſtiges of more proſperous times.

17th September. Rode to *Northampton*, 66 miles from London, to dinner. Breakfaſted at Wooburn, a village

village belonging to the Duke of Bedford. Here his Grace has his principal ſeat; but we had the mortification to find that ſtrangers were admitted to ſee the houſe on Mondays only. The ſtables are the moſt magnificent in England, and the park wall is about ſixteen miles in circuit. About two miles from Northampton, on the ſide of the highway, we found an antient obeliſk, decorated with various ſorts of ſculpture. It is as old as the time of Edward the Firſt, and was erected by him, as a Latin inſcription upon it bears, in memory of Eleanor his Queen. Perhaps ſhe died or was buried here; but of this, although I have anxiouſly enquired of ſeveral people, I can get no ſatisfactory information; and the waiter of the inn, who, like all his brethren, was proverbially ignorant, ſays he never heard of it. How truly unfortunate is it, that travellers like us, who have little time to beſtow, ſhould ſo often be under a neceſſity of having recourſe to ſuch illiterati for any intelligence! Northampton is a large neat town, ſtreets wide, and the houſes built chiefly of very fine hewn ſtone. We examined the market-place, a fine ſpacious ſquare, with an obeliſk of conſiderable height in the center. The commodities ſold here are principally corn and butcher's meat. We have alſo inſpected the Shire and Incorporation halls, both large buildings, likewiſe the jail. It is impoſſible to conceive any things ſo different as a Scotch and Engliſh priſon. Here the priſoners are not confined in diſmal and dirty apartments piled one over an other, in different flats, of one melancholy building. A neat front preſents to a ſtreet, but that is a front merely. The apartments of the priſon are behind, and they conſiſt of various ſmall buildings, where the priſoners are locked up at night; but there are open areas where even condemned criminals, in their chains, are allowed to enjoy the air through the day, ſecured however in ſuch a way as to render eſcape extremely difficult. Here we ſaw ſome vagabonds who had been condemned to be hanged

at laſt aſſizes; but the puniſhment was commuted by the judge to tranſportation. As to debtors, they have all day the range of a variety of large areas, conſiſting of neat graſs plots, borders of flowering ſhrubs, &c.; and, in the evening, each has an apartment, neat and commodious, probably more ſo than any thing he was accuſtomed to before his confinement.

18th September. From Northampton by Brixworth, Harborough, &c. came to another county town, *Leiceſter*, which is ninety-eight miles from the metropolis. This is a large place, with nearly 30,000 inhabitants. Hoſiery is the chief manufacture. We examined, but not with much leiſure, the County hall and priſon, the Corporation hall, and ſeveral hoſpitals, which are the principal objects here for a ſtranger's attention. The town has no river of any ſize, an obſervation applicable to moſt of the Engliſh towns. Here is a canal, by means of which it is ſupplied with coals from a conſiderable diſtance.

19th September. The weather is ſtill exceſſively warm, and the duſt incommodious. To day we travelled by Loughborough, a large village, to *Nottingham*. This is a finely ſituated and elegant large county town, ſaid to contain 30,000 people. Stockings are the chief article of manufacture. The throwing of ſilk is alſo carried on extenſively. Many of the houſes are elegant, but the principal objects of attention are, in the firſt place, the Caſtle. This is a very large ſtone building, probably two hundred feet in front.

It belongs to the Duke of Newcaſtle, and was antiently built by one of his anceſtors, an equeſtrian ſtatue of whom decorates the front, along with a great variety of other figures. This caſtle ſeems to have had, originally, a ditch and a drawbridge. It ſtands ſo high as to command and overlook the town. The view from the terrace over a variety of counties, is uncommonly fine. 2dly. The hoſpital or infirmary belonging to this and Derbyſhire, and accommodating eighty patients.

3dly.

3dly. An old church, dedicated to St. Mary, which, from its ſize and antiquity, catches the eye on approaching the town. 4thly. The county jail, which is a new building, or ſet of buildings on the plan of Howard, and, as uſual in the county towns of England, contains comfortable and even elegant accommodation for the priſoners. The Trent paſſes about a mile from town. It is conſidered in England as a fine river, and ſo it is, but it is inferior to moſt of the Scotch rivers. It has barely half ſo much water as the Tay at Perth, and the tide comes only to Gainſborough, which is twenty miles below Nottingham; but the river is navigable as high as this town for coal veſſels of twenty or thirty tons. There is a canal which communicates betwixt the town and the river. Here there is a weekly market, held on Saturday, in a large market-place in the middle of the town. The chief commodity is grain; but ſtalls are erected, puppet ſhews exhibited, *rowley powley* played, and all the other ſcenes preſerved which diſtinguiſh a Scotch fair. This happened to be market day, and every thing was buſtle and confuſion at all the inns. Nottingham has been long celebrated for ale, and it does not bely its character. At our inn, the White Lion, we had the fineſt I ever ſaw; the cellars are in the excavations of the rock, and ſo deep, as to require a deſcent of one hundred ſteps. In the environs of the town a variety of poor families have cabbins cut into the ſolid rock, in which you find windows curiouſly conſtructed, and there they contrive to live comfortably, though in winter, at leaſt, the cold muſt be intenſe.

20th September. This morning left Nottingham and breakfaſted at Mansfield, fourteen miles off, through the whole of which you paſs over a dreary country—Sherwood Foreſt, celebrated as the ſcene of the exploits of that fabulous hero Robin Hood. Mansfield is a large corporation town, not a borough. We dined at Cheſterfield, in Derbyſhire, which is of much the ſame ſize

and importance with Mansfield. In the evening we proceeded by Whittingtone, &c. to Sheffield in Yorkshire. At the end of Whittingtone I observed, over a small house, a little off the road, a sign-post, with the words "Revolution House." Painted on it was a Cock and Magpie. Recollecting to have read of this house in David Hume's elegant history, we were immediately conducted to a little shabby room, where it is undoubtedly ascertained that the Duke of Devonshire, and a variety of the English nobility, held their meetings, and concerted the plan of the Revolution of 1688. There is now a good house built adjoining to it; but the old house, and this room, are carefully preserved, and here the neighbouring nobility and gentry met and had a jubilee on the centenary day in November, 1788.

Sheffield is an immense irregular town, with at least 40,000 inhabitants. The principal houses are in the suburbs. The streets of the town are narrow, and the smoke of steam-engines used for the forges and coal pits, &c. is constant and disagreeable. The chief objects of curiosity are the plating manufactures, and the grinding of knives, razors, sciffars, &c. In the large forges, one of which we examined, the machinery for grinding goes by a steam-engine, and, like a cotton mill, the number of grind-stones may be in proportion to the powers of the engine and the size of the work. Sheffield is not a borough, and notwithstanding its size and importance, it has no political consequence!!

21st September. At Sheffield we learnt that the Doncaster races were to commence to-morrow; we therefore gave up our original plan of going by Leeds, and travelled this day by Rotheram to *Doncaster*, meeting with nothing very remarkable, excepting a fellow of six feet four inches hanging in chains, for a robbery of the mail!

Doncaster, I should suppose, is a town of 7 or 8000 inhabitants. It is a corporate town, but not a borough.

It

It is a remarkably handſome place, with five entries into it, and ſpacious, elegant, and well-built ſtreets, having ſtone foot-paths on each ſide. Many of the houſes are built of ſtone, and, in particular, the corporation hall, which is a ſtrong fine building. The race ground is a turf of two miles in circumference, is kept in moſt excellent order, and lies about a mile from town.

22d September. The races commenced at 2 o'clock. The firſt was a match for five hundred guineas, betwixt Lord Fitzwilliam and Sir C. Turner—It was with difficulty won by the latter. There were three other races, all excellently good, one of them of four heats. Sir C. Turner won three of the purſes. Here we fell in with Mr. W. K. of the general poſt-office in Edinburgh, an intimate acquaintance of Mr. M. and the firſt Scotchman we had ſeen on the road. Reciprocally happy at meeting each other, he inſiſted we ſhould ſhare of his carriage, and ſupplied the deſideratum, with regard to Scottiſh occurrences, of which, ſince our departure from home, we were completely ignorant. Doncaſter races, as uſual, had drawn together an immenſe crowd of nobleſſe, &c. but we were ſadly diſappointed at not ſeeing Charles Fox, "That friend of mankind and of man," who, we were previouſly aſſured, was to accompany Lord Fitzwilliam. In the evening we rode by Robin Hood's Well, &c. to Ferrybridge; and now we are come into the direct road generally uſed betwixt England and Scotland.

23d September. We breakfaſted at *Tadcaſter*, and expected to ſee Mr. A—— F—— of Edinburgh, Advocate, who, we heard, was here on a viſit to his father-in-law; but found that he and Mrs. F—— had ſet off for Dumfries on Tueſday laſt. Dined at *York*, and rode in the evening to Eaſingwold. At York there are two great objects of curioſity for ſtrangers, the caſtle and the cathedral. The former is uſed as the county priſon. The debtors have a very large range to walk in and amuſe themſelves. The caſtle incloſes the

courts

courts of *Niſi Prius* and the King's court, in which the judges ſet on the aſſizes. On theſe occaſions, as the court muſt be held with open doors, the priſoners of all deſcriptions, are locked up, and the outer gates of the caſtle thrown open. Strangers are not permitted to viſit the criminals. York Minſter is, certainly, the fineſt old building in the kingdom. It was founded, anciently, in the beginning of the 7th century, by King Edwin. It was afterwards burnt down, and was rebuilt in its preſent form in 1227. It is larger than St. Paul's, London; and, like St. Paul's, it has two turrets in front, and one in the center of the building. The workmanſhip in the inſide is very fine, and it has once been decorated with many ſtatues of gold and ſilver, &c. but theſe were all carried off by Harry the Eighth (of barbarous memory) when he thought fit to ſtrip the churches and aboliſh the monaſteries. There is here an immenſe variety of the old painted glaſs. Every window in the building is filled with it: but the chief curioſity of this ſort is the great eaſt window, behind the altar, ſuppoſed to be the largeſt in the world. It is 75 feet in height, and 33 feet in breadth, and has emblematical figures ſo numerous, as to be illuſtrative of almoſt the whole hiſtory of the Bible. Behind it, at a little diſtance, is a frame filled with a great variety of mirror glaſſes, in which the ornaments of the window are reflected and inverted with a very curious effect. The area uſed for the divine ſervice is finely finiſhed with old black oak, which is ſomewhat darker than mahogany. This indeed is the ſtyle of finiſhing in all the old cathedrals I have ſeen. In one corner of the building there is a range of ſtatues and monuments, both ancient and modern, ſomething in the ſtyle of Weſtminſter Abbey. Of the *former* a remarkable one is that of CONSTANTINE, the firſt Chriſtian Emperor of Rome, who chanced to be born at York; and, of the *latter*, the fineſt I obſerved was a full length of Sir George Saville, the patriot, who repreſented York-

ſhire

ſhire in five ſucceſſive parliaments. Some trinkets of high antiquity have eſcaped the rapacity of Henry. I ſaw a very old ſilver crozier, a curious bugle horn, made of an elephant's tooth, ornamented with gold, and various rings of gold, with different ſtones, which exhibited a very curious ſpecimen of the faſhions of diſtant periods, and which had been raviſhed from the fingers of the biſhops after interment! On leaving York for the north, we ſaw an elegant building, called the "*Aſylum for Lunatics.*"

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON

POETRY, MUSIC, AND DANCING.

OF all the liberal or elegant arts, there is not any ſo ancient (muſic and dancing excepted) as poetry. It has exiſted in all ages and in all countries. Hiſtory does not afford us an example of a ſingle nation where its influence has not been felt and acknowledged. It has accompanied man from the moſt early period of time to ages of the higheſt refinement: it has been alike cultivated by the ſavage in his woods, and the luxurious courtier, diſtinguiſhed by the favour of his prince. It appears to have been the peculiar gift of that benevolent Being who governs all things, as the ſource of our amuſement and inſtruction, as the means of at once entertaining and humaniſing mankind. It was this invaluable bleſſing which firſt enabled us to exalt the mind, to ſhake off the brute, and act in a manner worthy of beings who aſſumed the epithet of rational. This noble art, if it is not a contradiction in terms, to denominate any thing as ſuch, which no human invention can perform, unaſſiſted by a peculiar genius, has at all

all times been encouraged. The ancient bards or poets, held a diſtinguiſhed rank among the people with whom they reſided. It was they who guided their councils; and the irreſiſtible influence of their ſongs was frequently the occaſion of a peace or a war. The ſpirit of the bard diffuſed itſelf through the whole aſſembly. Love, rage, tenderneſs, and pity, alternately poſſeſſed their breaſts, and manifeſted itſelf in uncouth geſtures and contortions. The warrior graſped his ſpear, and even the timid become bold. And here I cannot help obſerving, that notwithſtanding dancing appears to have been the moſt ancient amuſement of uncivilized man; yet there do not exiſt any reaſons, to ſuppoſe that muſic prevailed prior to poetry. On the contrary, it appears reaſonable to infer, that muſic was contemporary with, or poſterior to the art of verſification.

That men ſhould expreſs what gave them pleaſure or pain by rude geſtures, before the formation of language, is by no means extraordinary; but it would have been ſomewhat ſingular to have invented muſic (I mean vocal) before they were provided with the ſubject of a ſong. It is probable that poetry and muſic roſe together, by the deſire of perpetuating ſome memorable event, and might be ſung or chaunted, with a view to render it more impreſſive, and for which purpoſe it was abſolutely neceſſary to throw it into a kind of meaſure; but this is a ſubject of curioſity, not importance; and the higheſt commendation of poetry is its uſefulneſs, and the only true method of pronouncing its eulogium, is to ſhew the advantages accruing therefrom. Of this the Greeks were ſo ſenſible, that they aſcribed the invention of dramatic poetry to the gods. Nor was this without reaſon. No ſpecies of compoſition has been attended with more beneficial conſequences, or contributed more largely to the refinement of the taſte and manners of the age. Thoſe truths which men would neglect, when preſented by the moraliſt, they

readily

readily adopt when they come before them as an entertainment; and by seeing the ridiculous appearance of vice, they are insensibly led to be in love with virtue. Where the priest and philosopher have failed, the poet has succeeded, and the mind, captivated by the harmony of numbers, has been led by degrees to the practice of virtue. It is also to the poets we are indebted for the beautiful fictions of the ancients; and had the priests been poets, the empire of superstition had become universal, philosophers and the vulgar had then been alike under its powerful influence. The mind, hurried on by the irresistible force of eloquence, would not have found time to examine its principles and discover the lurking poison. It would at first have acquiesced, and, afterwards, embraced the error. But this, fortunately, has not been the case, poetry now is capable of affording the highest mental entertainment. When the mind is depressed with sorrow and affliction, and turns with disgust from the dry researches of philosophy, or even history, poetry presents itself as a never-failing source of relief, from which every man, in some degree, derives pleasure and satisfaction. In short, shew me the man who can hear, unmoved, the recital of an elegant poem, and I shall not hesitate to pronounce him a perfect phenomenon—As a wretch, whose bosom is callous to every impulse of nature, and into whose heart pity can never enter.

THE

TEMPLE OF DEISM,

A

VISION*.

BY W. RIDER.

Dark night inſtructs, nor are vain dreams in vain.
YOUNG.

THE other night being retired from the toil of the day, I amuſed myſelf till bed time in peruſing *Leland's View of the Deiſtical Writers.* After my candle was extinguiſhed, I reflected for ſome time on what I read, till ſleep came upon me, when the ſubject of my waking thoughts impreſſed itſelf ſo ſtrongly, that it employed my fancy for the remainder of the night in the following dream:

Methought I beheld a female in a white robe, with an olive-branch in her hand: a ſun was embroidered in the middle of her boſom, which emitted a radiance that ſtrengthened, not dazzled the eyes of the beholder. With an air that expreſſed majeſty and affection, ſhe pointed to a *temple* that ſtood at ſome diſtance. As ſoon as I deſcried it, I felt none of the tumults of curioſity working in my breaſt, but reading in her eyes that it was her deſire that I ſhould examine its inſide, I went towards it. As I approached, I obſerved that the avenues were declining, and that they were beſpread

* The complexion of the times has induced us to republiſh this ingenious little piece, which appeared many years ago in a reſpectable publication. *Leland's View of the Deiſtical Writers* is a moſt valuable work, and an edition of it, together with ſeveral appropriate additions, was recently made by Dr. William Brown, Principal of the Mariſchal College in the Univerſity of Aberdeen. EDITORS.

with roſes, and perfumed with fragrance which rendered the way not only eaſy but agreeable.

The firſt thing I obſerved on my entrance was, that though the *ſun* ſeemed then *in its meridian*, they had excluded its ſplendour, and erected a dim ruſh-light taper in the moſt conſpicuous part of the building, over which was written, in golden characters, THE SUN. As I turned myſelf round to view the various parts of the edifice, I could perceive a great many perſons employed about the windows in ſtopping up every crack, for fear *the light of heaven* ſhould, by any means, ſteal in and eclipſe the ſplendour of the taper. Having, for ſome time, given a looſe to my aſtoniſhment at ſo odd a circumſtance, I applied myſelf to take a more particular view of every thing that might ſeem worthy of my notice. I then turned my eyes weſtward towards the taper, and could then perceive a throne, on which was ſeated the genius of the place. He appeared of no deſpicable form: age had not made any furrows in his countenance, nor had care much wrinkled his brow. He was clad in a robe of the ſame colour with that of my guide, which was furniſhed by AFFECTATION, who ſat at his right hand; his crown lay on a cuſhion on his left, which was guarded by VANITY, and behind ſtood SINGULARITY, in the quality of his train-bearer. As I caſt my eyes further downwards, I obſerved a great many more of his retinue, whoſe names I could not then diſcover; amongſt thoſe that I knew, were PEDANTRY in the robes of LEARNING, WIT in the garb of JUDGMENT, and DOGMATISM in the clothes of REASON. I was going to enquire of my guide the name of the perſonage who was thus attended, when I accidentally caſt my eye on a label that was over the throne, and inſcribed—DEISM!

As this whetted my curioſity, I was now reſolved to examine, more minutely, every thing within the edifice, and applied myſelf firſt to the pictures, with which the walls were quite covered. The pieces

ſeemed, at the firſt glance, to be performed in a maſterly manner, and by the glare of the colours and ſplendour of the frames, invited and dazzled the ſight at the ſame time. On a nearer inſpection, you cannot conceive how great was my diſappointment; for what at a diſtance ſeemed to vindicate the pencil of a *Titian*, when I came cloſer, appeared beneath the touch of the meaneſt *Flemiſh* dauber. It would be tedious, if not impoſſible, to recount the ſubject of every piece, let it ſuffice to mention the moſt ſtriking only. The firſt piece that intruded itſelf on my ſight, was of the hiſtorical kind, and repreſented the depravity of the Chriſtians in the fifth century. It was, indeed, very much laboured, diſguſted the ſpectator by too great a ſhew of art, was, in ſome places, void of proportion, and had its capital images bigger than life. Next this hung a piece of no mean kind: this was a full length of *Julian*, but I could diſcover very few features of the apoſtate, nor indeed ſhould I ever have known it had been intended for him, had it not been for the fragment of an epiſtle, which was ſubſcribed with his name, and laid on a table near him. The face expreſſed ſo much humanity, openneſs of heart, and benevolence, that it would have paſſed better for the picture of the Chriſtian biſhop he ordered to be murdered, than for the Emperor himſelf. Below this hung a piece of *Chriſt* riding on an aſs, crowned with thorns, and holding a reed in his hand; he was ſurrounded with a crowd, whoſe countenances betrayed the greateſt degree of admiration, joined with the moſt profound ſtupidity. On the ſide of it was *Mohammed*, adorned with all the regalia of eaſtern pomp, ſurrounded by a troop of *Janizaries*, holding a *Koran* in his left hand and a drawn ſabre in his right. I perceived that the painter had endeavoured to deſcribe ſome features in the countenances of theſe perſonages ſo nearly alike, that they might have appeared to indolent and ignorant ſpectators to belong to the ſame family. Above this hung another piece that gave me no

leſs

leſs diſguſt—it was SUPERSTITION, with her left hand bathed in blood, in her right ſhe held an hoſt, her eyes were fixed on a crucifix—BIGOTRY ſupported her tottering ſteps, VIOLENCE poured out bags of gold at her feet, and IGNORANCE was burning incenſe to her; over her head was wrote in capitals—CHRISTIANITY. The ſight of this was ſo painful, that I turned from it very abruptly, and looking the genius in the face, obſerved him eying the two laſt pieces with a ſingular ſatisfaction and a joyous triumph.

As ſeveral bronzes and ſtatues were diſperſed round the room, I thought them alſo not unworthy my attention.

On the right hand of the throne was the ſtatue of SCEPTICISM, devouring its own offspring. Near this was MODESTY, very much mutilated. Oppoſite to this was a kind of Coloſſus, caſt in braſs, of an excellent workmanſhip, it was PRIDE, trampling under his feet KNOWLEDGE and INSPIRATION, who were, at the ſame time, caſting the moſt affectionate regards of pity on him. At a little diſtance I thought I perceived a copy of the two famous gladiators, but, on a nearer inſpection, found they were two apoſtles, *St. Paul* and *St. Peter*, carved in that attitude by a librarian, and by him preſented privately to the genius.

On the ſouth ſide of the fabric I perceived a door open, and by the deſire of my guide, who was all this time inviſible, I made up towards it, and found it led to another apartment, which I was informed was called the ſchool. Here all the diſciples were initiated in the principles of the genius; the maſter of the ſchool, who diſcovered great warmth in his countenance, was named PREJUDICE; he was the only ſon of PASSION and INCONSIDERATENESS, and in his features reſembled both his parents. He held in his hands a *quarto volume*, very pompouſly printed and bound, which was a compilation of all the moſt celebrated pieces that were wrote in vindication of the rights of the genius: the noble

author, who had left it as a legacy for the uſe of the ſchool, had his ſtatue erected in the middle, with this remarkable motto — GREATER and BETTER. At that time I muſt confeſs, that I was at a loſs to affix any idea to the words, but now recollect I have met with the ſame inſcription on a monument in *Batterſea* church, which is equally unintelligible. The binding was of maſſy gold, which was neither caſt nor chaſed, but formed into its preſent dimenſions by a *Mallet*. The ſmith, like other artizans, had like to have ſuffered for his ingenuity *.

I went out of this room into an area, where I perceived a number of people employed in building the *temple of* VIRTUE: the director of the works was a perſon of no mean character—every thing that could contribute to embelliſh and adorn, was laviſhed on the edifice; fitneſs, beauty, harmony, and proportion, appeared throughout the whole: but I perceived the ſtructure built on a *ſandy foundation*, tottering with every tumultuous blaſt, and tumbling at the impulſe of every ſtorm!

My GUIDE, who now diſcovered herſelf, offered her counſel to the workers, and adviſed them to run up a buttreſs or two, which might add ſtrength, and would ſupport the whole ſtructure for ages; and, at the ſame time, recommended RELIGION as one who had built many a temple of that ſort which *had ſtood, and would ſtill ſtand* FOR EVER! Her advice, which ſeemed to me judicious, *they* looked on as ridiculous, and

* The author here evidently means *Lord Bolingbroke*, who was buried in *Batterſea* church, and whoſe writings were, after his death, publiſhed in a ſuperb manner by *Mr. Mallet*, who was zealous in the chilling cauſe of deiſm. Dr. Johnſon once remarked, reſpecting this affair of his Lordſhip's, "That after having loaded a blunderbuſs againſt the comfort and happineſs of mankind—he *cowardly* left it to another to *pull the trigger!*" EDITORS.

proceeded

proceeded in their works on *their* firſt plan, but while they were employed in meaſuring the proportion of a column—a ſudden guſt aroſe and ſwept away the whole building ! !

The ſurprize I felt at ſo ſtrange an occurrence awoke me, and left me at liberty to commit my viſion to paper.

ON THE

SUN'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

[From Aikin's Calendar of Nature.]

THE *zodiac* is an imaginary broad circle in the heavens, within which all the planets have their paths. The central line of this circle is called the *ecliptic*, or apparent path of the ſun in its annual courſe. It is, however, the *real* path of the earth, as viewed from the ſun. The zodiac is divided into twelve parts, of thirty degrees each, each called *ſigns*, from the cluſter of ſtars or conſtellations through which it paſſes. Theſe ſigns have all been diſtinguiſhed by imaginary figures, which are traced out on the celeſtial globe, and which give name to them. They form, therefore, an aſtronomical calendar of twelve ſolar months, which, in the following manner, correſpond with the common reckoning of the months.

The ſun enters into

Aries, or the Ram—March 20.
Taurus, or the Bull—April 19.
Gemini, or the Twins—May 21.
Cancer, or the Crab—June 22.
Leo, or the Lion—July 23.
Virgo, or the Virgin—Auguſt 23.

Libra, or the Balance—September 23.
Scorpio, or the Scorpion—October 23.
Sagittarius, or the Archer—November 22.
Capricornus, or the Wild Goat—December 22.
Aquarius, or the Waterer—January 19.
Piſces, or the Fiſhes—February 18.

In conſequence of the inclination of the earth's axis, which is always directed to nearly the ſame point in the heavens, and is, therefore, always nearly parallel to itſelf in every part of the earth's orbit round the ſun, it will appear, that in the months of March and September, the terminating circle of light and darkneſs on the globe, will paſs through the two poles, producing equal day and night in all parts of it, which ſeaſons are called the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. But in the month of June, at the time called the ſummer ſolſtice, the terminating circle leaves the north pole a great way in the light, and the ſouth pole equally in darkneſs, thereby producing ſummer, or long days to all the parts of the northern hemiſphere, and winter, or ſhort days, to all thoſe of the ſouthern. In December, or at the winter ſolſtice, on the contrary, the north pole is in darkneſs and the ſouth pole in light, conſequently the ſeaſons in each hemiſphere are the reverſe of the former ſtate.

BATTLE OF THE APES.

TAVERNIER, in his journey from Maſlipatan to Gaudicot, a town and fortreſs in the Carnatic, gives us the following ſingular relation.

After paſſing ſeven leagues we came to Oudicot. This day's journey was through a flat and ſandy country, and on either ſide of the road nothing is to be ſeen but immenſe foreſts of Bamboo, a ſort of cane, the height of which rivals our loftieſt foreſt trees, and ſo thickly planted

planted by the hand of nature, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to penetrate them. Theſe bamboo foreſts are ſwarming with almoſt incredible multitudes of APES, who, like their *civilized brethren* *, take upon them to partition the earth out among themſelves, and are *natural*, I had almoſt ſaid, ſworn *enemies* to each other. Thoſe who reſide on one ſide of the park have no commerce or connection with thoſe who reſide upon the other, and ſhould any one dare to paſs the line of demarkation, he would run the moſt imminent riſque of being inſtantly ſtrangled. At Palicat, the governor propoſed, that as we paſſed betwixt theſe jealous foes, we ſhould divert ourſelves by ſetting them together by the ears. The method of doing it is this; through the whole extent of this country, from league to league, the roads are croſſed with gates and barriers, and guards are ſtationed at each of them, to take account and give information of every one that paſſes or repaſſes them, ſo that the traveller here purſues his rout in perfect ſecurity, and might, if he thought proper, carry his purſe expoſed in his hand. At each of theſe ſtations ſtores of rice are laid up for the accommodation of the paſſenger; and when he feels inclined to amuſe himſelf with a battle, he diſpoſes five or ſix baſkets of rice at forty or fifty paces diſtance from each other, along the road, and by the ſide of each of them five or ſix truncheons, of about two feet in length, and of the ſize of a large walking ſtaff. The baſkets being thus arranged and uncovered, every one retires to ſome little diſtance, and forthwith the apes, who have been watching the proceſs, are ſeen haſtening down from the ſummits of the bamboos, and ſcampering along the neutral ground, toward the rice; there, however, meeting their adverſaries haſtening alſo toward the ſame point, no one will give up the prize, and no one dares to touch it; in this ſtate of

* Lord Monboddo ſuppoſes mankind to be a ſpecies of improved cultivated Ourang Outangs.

ſuſpence

ſuſpence they continue for perhaps half an hour, grinning and ſhewing their teeth at each other, now facing this way, now facing that, and equally afraid to commence the onſet; at length ſome daring female, with perhaps her little one in her arms, which ſhe carries as a nurſe carries her infant, daſhes upon the baſket and plunges her head into it. In an inſtant the adverſe males ruſh forward and ſeize her with their teeth, her friends ſupport her, and the charge being ſounded by her ſcreams, every one ſeizes the truncheon which is next him, and a furious conflict enſues; the weaker party are, ere long, of courſe compelled to *change their poſition*, and retire with broken heads and bruiſed ſhoulders into their own territory, and the victors remaining maſters of the field, eat the rice at leiſure. We muſt not however forget to add, that when they have gorged themſelves to the utmoſt capacity of their ſtomachs, they then, with all the generoſity of a conqueror, permit the females of the vanquiſhed to come and conſume *their offals!*

W. H.

THE

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

1800. JANUARY 21. THE *Ring, or Love me for Myself*, a muſical entertainment, in two acts, was performed here, and is, in reality, an alteration of the entertainment of *The Pavilion*. It diſplays a laudable attempt to reſcue the beautiful ſcenery, muſic, and decorations of that piece from the neglect into which they had fallen. *The Pavilion* is, of neceſſity, much altered by the introduction of ſeveral new characters, the principal of which is *Haddedad*, a ridiculous old courtier, perſonated by Mr. Suet, who performs it with his uſual originality.

Several of the ſongs were encored, and the piece was received by a crowded audience, with almoſt uniform applauſe.

COVENT GARDEN.

JANUARY 16, 1800. A new operatical romance, entitled *Joanna*, was performed here with conſiderable approbation. The plot is borrowed from Kotzebue, and conſiſts of the following incidents.

The caſtle of *Albert*, a Swiſs chief, is taken by ſurpriſe by *Laſſara*, a neighbouring knight, in love with *Joanna*, the lady of *Albert*. The caſtle however is retaken, and the wife, together with the child, recovered. There is alſo an under plot, well connected with the main piece, in which Eloiſa, the ſuppoſed daughter of a foraid wretch, is diſcovered to be of noble birth, and conſigned to the arms of Philip of Belmont, a gallant amiable

able youth, to whom Albert is indebted for his life and fortune. We are happy to say, that the moral is, on the whole, perfectly unexceptionable; but the character of *Joanna* excites no surprise. *Lassaro* is a barbarian whom she hates, and it cannot be considered new in human nature, that *Joanna*, who loves her husband with great and unceasing affection, should receive the addresses of such an admirer with becoming horror and indignation.

The march in the first act is extremely beautiful, the symphonies also between the acts are very fine and abound in variety, but incline to the character of the most favourite Scotch airs. The decorations are rich, MRS. POPE'S, in *Joanna*, are indeed magnificent, and the scenery, consisting chiefly of landscape, present a softened picture of (the scene of the fable) Switzerland.

Were we inclined to enter minutely into this new piece, we would say—that the language and sentiment, though in general feeble and dilated, sparkle occasionally with passages of energy and ardour. In these, however, we trace a resemblance to PIZARRO, where the genius of *Kotzebue* shines with a resplendent lustre. The interest of the piece is weakened by the songs, symphonies, and choruses, so frequently interrupting the progress of the plot. But by their merit the defect is amply compensated.

KING'S THEATRE.

JANUARY 11, 1800. This theatre opened with the favourite comic opera of "*I Zingari in Fiera*," the music by *Paisiello*. *Mr. Kelly*, presided at the harpsichord in a most excellent orchestra, and the night was prodigal of novelties, calculated to impart high gratification. The principal of these was Signora *Bolla*, from Milan, of whose talents sanguine expectations were formed, nor were they disappointed. About

twenty

twenty-five years of age, her voice is clear, ſtrong, and enriched with ſweetneſs, her deportment eaſy, and her manner full of life and ſprightlineſs. Her perſon is good, and her countenance handſome, lighted up with a fine full black eye. She experienced the moſt flattering reception. The *ſecond* comic opera ſinger, Signora *Clara*, was alſo new, and not an unſucceſsful candidate for public favour. She has an intereſting countenance and a pleaſing perſon. There is much ſweetneſs and delicacy in her voice, and perhaps it may be owing to her evident timidity that it did not ſeem to poſſeſs ſtrength and compaſs in proportion.

A new divertiſement was introduced between the acts, compoſed by *Mr. D'Egville*, and after the opera a new Anacreontic ballet was brought out, with new epiſodes and dances. Theſe introduced, for the firſt time, *Mr. Deſhayes*, a new dancer, who unites great force and agility, and *Madame Pariſſot*, who never acquitted herſelf more ſucceſsfully. The dances in which the ſkip-rope, among other devices, was exerciſed with advantage, were diſtinguiſhed for novelty and variety. The pit and gallery were crowded, nor were the boxes deficient in ſplendour.

THEATRE, WOLVERHAMPTON.

THE theatre of this town opened on Friday November 15, 1799, under the direction of Mr. Hoy, with the *Birth Day*, *Silveſter Daggerwood*, and the *Jew and the Doctor*.

In viſiting provincial theatres, we expect not to find that order and conſiſtency we meet with in the theatres of the metropolis; but we hope to ſee reſpectful behaviour and humble endeavours to pleaſe. *Mr. Campbell*, in the character of *Harry Bertram*, ſeemed to lack exertion, probably owing to the thinneſs of the houſe, and the coolneſs of an undiſcriminating audience. Mr. Shuter's

Shuter's *Captain Bertram* was reſpectable; we lamented his want of room in the garden ſcene, which occaſioned ſome aukward evaſions and ridiculous inconſiſtencies. We likewiſe felt for him in his interview with Emma, when that pathetic tenderneſs which ſhould excite ſympathy in every heart, created continual laughter. We do not impute it to a want of propriety in the performer, but to the depraved taſte of an undeſerving houſe. Common minds will ever mock thoſe feelings that are too refined for their conception.

Mr. Fox in *Jack Junk*, and Mrs. Chambers in *Mrs. Moral*, afforded us much entertainment, and evinced a juſt conception of character that does credit to her underſtanding. We muſt not forget Mrs. Belfille in *Emma*; with a perſon formed to pleaſe, and parts that only want cultivation to render them conſpicuous, we have to lament a forgetfulneſs of her ſituation. She would do well to ſtudy the graces of geſticulation, and acquire a greater command of her elaſtic powers.

In Mr. Fox's *Daggerwood* we were not pleaſed to find many paſſages omitted, and ſome unpardonable liberties taken with the author. Some theatrical freaks that were introduced, we were pleaſed with.

Mr. Eaſtmure in *Abednego*, diſplayed talents for the ſtage that deſerve cultivation. We cannot approve of the ſameneſs in his mnaner of repeating ſome paſſages of the author. In the courſe of the evening Mr. Fox gave us the new ſongs of the *Nailor*, *Abraham Newland*, and the *Tinker*, in the firſt and latter of which he was peculiarly happy.

We would wiſh to make all allowances for ſituation, and are inclined to be favourable, rather than ſevere, it being more pleaſurable to approve than condemn; but of all things, public performers ought never to forget that "*Nature* is their ſubject, and *Men* their auditors."

THE

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JANUARY, 1800.

ON

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! how the merry ſounding bells rejoice
At time's departure, whilſt they gladly hail
The welcome new-born year! Their noiſy peal
Awakes the ſlumb'rer on the midnight bed;
Their cauſe arreſts his thoughts, and eagerly
His mind reviews the paſſing twelvemonth's deeds.
But ah! Ere half th' account is overrun,
His ſoul turns ſicken'd from th' employ, and fain
Would loſe itſelf again in ſleep: ſuch ſcenes
Of countleſs follies in remembrance riſe;
Such inſtances of inattention paid
To heaven's laws, temptations unſubdu'd,
Commandments broken, appetites indulg'd,
That, for the remnant of the night, repoſe
Forſakes him, and in bitt'reſt agony
His wakeful moments paſs. "Oh! RISING YEAR,
"How ſpeedy thy approach! How ſoon thou com'ſt
"To chide him for delay! Wretch that I am!
"Thy predeceſſor found me mark'd with guilt,
"And then I vow'd reform: I vow'd, and call'd
"On the Omnipotent to witneſs me;
"I vow'd and thought my promiſes ſincere.
"But falſe they've prov'd, and the Omnipotent
"Has witneſs'd only frailties and diſgrace.
"Unhappy being! When ſhall I collect

" Sufficient energy to break the chains,
" The maſſy chains of vice? Almighty God!
" Thy help I aſk, inſpire me with thy grace,
" Add ſtrength and vigour to my weak reſolves;
" So ſhall my languid ſpirit rouſe itſelf,
" Put forth its powers, trample on the foe,
" And ſhake away this baneful lethargy.
" No longer then ſhall rolling ſeaſons bear
" Freſh tidings of my ſhame, nor future years
" Behold me ſtill a dilatory prey;
" But ev'ry month, each week, each ſetting ſun,
" Shall ſee new reformations, and aſſiſt
" To fix me in the paths of rectitude:
" With fulleſt raptures then my ſoul will greet
" *Each* year advancing, and at *ev'ry* cloſe
" My animated hope will fancy me
" A twelvemonth leſs to ſtruggle with the world,
" A twelvemonth nearer on the road to heaven."
The morn arrives, and ſtarting from the bed,
He haſtes with ardour to fulfil his vows.
May he fulfil them! May the gracious God
Liſt to his pray'r, and liſt'ning, grant him aid!

CHERTREA.

AN

INTERESTING QUESTION RESOLVED

AT

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR.

[*From Fawcett's Elegy, entitled Mortality and Hope.*]

SAY, muſt I toil YEAR following YEAR to ſlay,
In all their coarſer or their ſubtler forms,
The various follies on my peace that prey,
Only, *at length*, to fall the prey of worms?

When love of knowledge moſt intenſe ſhall glow,
When moſt I value reaſon's precious light;
Then muſt I ceaſe, for ever ceaſe to know?
Then reaſon's lamp go out in endleſs night?

Heaven's beauteous works with clearer views ſurvey'd,
When with devouter awe mine eyes adore;
Shall their fair object from before them fade,
And I admire thoſe beauteous works no more?

Or was I form'd a vain deſire to feel
Of lovely truths, their radiant face that hide?
Truths that to me their charms muſt ne'er unveil,
For ever to my longing eyes denied?

While the brute tribes with happier dulneſs bleſt,
No painful ſenſe of ſtraiten'd knowledge ſhow;
In eaſy ignorance all incurious reſt,
Content their fellows and their food to know;

Was I inform'd with this more ſtirring mind,
To mourn a night no dawn ſhall e'er remove?
Seeking a day, I ne'er am doom'd to find,
With anxious, fruitleſs ſteps, ordain'd to rove?

To paint th' alluring form of ſocial weal,
Where minds, in order moving, all agree;
And in ſweet chime the ſilver ſpheres excel,
Yet ne'er in act the lovely picture ſee?

To ſpend my ſoul in life-conſuming ſighs,
That men on men with ſavage rage ſhould prey;
Nor hope to ſee a fairer ſcene ariſe,
Whoſe ſmiling image ſhall my pains repay?

The nobleſt want which nature knows to raiſe,
Say, ſhall ſhe leave alone without its food?
Leave, while each lower thirſt her care allays,
Unſlak'd the lofty wiſh for boundleſs good?

While for each humbler power her hands have made,
Thoſe hands a field of ample ſcope prepare;
For oary fins, while watery paths are ſpread,
For winnowing wings the liquid plains of air;

Shall SOULS, equipp'd with won'drous powers to fly
Through the vaſt tracts of truth's and virtue's reign,
Be ne'er allow'd to ſail that glorious ſky,
Cag'd in this *narrow* life, and wing'd in vain?

Ceaſe—ceaſe my ſong to mourn the lot of MAN!
Revoke the murmur and recall the tear!
It CANNOT be—that nature's faultleſs plan
To *him* alone denies a ſuited ſphere.

The eagle-pinions of this ACTIVE MIND,
Though *now* a little ſpace encloſe their flights,
At length the FIRMAMENT they aſk *ſhall* find,
And ſoar, without controul, CELESTIAL HEIGHTS!

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

Scene.—Eaſtern ſuburbs of Lynn.

Time.—Summer's eve at ſunſet.

ON yon horizon's verge the weſtering ſun
His fiery orb ſuſpends; the ſea, the ſky,
And landſcape, far as eye can trace, reflect
The glowing crimſon. What fantaſtic ſhapes
The clouds aſſume! Here Alpine rocks on rocks
(Whoſe rugged peaks are nature's throne) aſcend
Gigantic; here an ivied caſtle rears
Its ſky-crown'd battlements; there, ting'd with gold,
The rippling waves in ſilence ſeem to flow:
Anon the whole aërial pageantry
Fades gradual from the view.
How pleaſant now
The freſhening gale, that wafts the odorous ſcent
Of lowly clover! whilſt through yonder haze
Peers faintly from afar the ſwelling ſail
Of ſome poor fiſher's homebound bark, that ſcarce
The wat'ry mirror agitates.
But lo!
Where the laſt mellow tints of eve illume
Yon range of wall, whoſe crumbling arches ſpeak
A tale of other times! Ah! what though now
Hoar ruin ſaps its ſtrong cement; though now,
Spirit of deſolation! thou delight'ſt
Within its mould'ring buttreſſes to ſhroud
Thy ſombre form, the whilſt each murm'ring breeze

Moans o'er its graſs-grown ſummit, erſt it ſtood
Entire in ſullen majeſty. Methinks,
The penſive anchorite of old ne'er found
A fitter haunt than yon forſaken pile;
There might he ſilent ſit, and muſe, and ſhape
The wild unbodied energies of mind!
Yet, ah! far other viſitant once claim'd
That drear abode; on thoſe grey turrets war
His banner rais'd, and his nocturnal rounds
The ſentry pac'd, what time (tradition ſays)
The ſteel clad Arbaliſter high updrew
The vaſt portcullis, and, himſelf unſeen,
Amid the foemen, through thoſe narrow loops
Pour'd his barb'd quarrels.
Oft the pratt'ling fire
Hath joy'd to tell his infant family,
How the loud roar of cannon and grenades
Each baſtion's firm foundation rock'd, what time,
In Charles's hapleſs cauſe, yon leaguer'd town,
Againſt his banded foes the fight maintain'd
Right gallantly, till hard neceſſity
"The ſlow ſurrender wrung."
No chronicles
From dark oblivion's void the lapſe recal
Of ages paſt, nor need we aught. Each ſtone,
Each hollow ſounding ſtone too plain atteſts,
How many a ſummer ſun hath ſweetly ſmiled,
As now it ſmiles! how many a winter flung
Its ſable horrors wide around, ſince firſt
Above the moat thoſe creſted bulwarks roſe!

Lynn, Norfolk. WM. CASE, JUN.

SONNET,

On seeing a young and beautiful Female the voluntary Attendant of an old Man in the Country.

ETERNAL happiness attend the maid
Who leaves the scenes where slavish fashions reign,
And thus affectionately lends her aid
To smooth the brow of wretchedness and pain.

So smiles the sun on winter's cheerless snow,
When Flora and her train have fled the grove;
When northern winds tempestuously blow,
And mirth looks grave, and cool admiring love.

So have I seen, oppress'd with chilling age,
The wither'd oak, all leafless and decay'd,
Whose sturdy arms had brav'd the whirlwind's rage,
But only heaven and the fates obey'd.
Yet still the ivy and wild eglantine,
Would round its hapless trunk their vernal wreaths entwine.

Wolverhampton,
Aug. 9, 1799.

CIVIS.

TO OPPRESSION.

CURS'D be thy iron reign, oppression dire,
Thou fell usurper of fair freedom's seat:
Fierce as the whirlwind, may thy victim's ire
Dash thee, remorseless fiend, beneath their feet.

From happy home thou dragg'st those victims forth
To scenes of horror, where fierce carnage reigns;
And desolation spreads o'er all the earth,
To add a *desert* to thy vast domains.

Though now in mould'ring heaps the village lies,
Its meads surrounding all distain'd with gore;
Fill'd with affright, tho' age decrepit flies,
And asks half-famish'd aid from door to door.

Though widow'd matrons rave with ſorrow wild,
And thy terrific voice the young annoy;
Though *nature*, by thy blaſting breath's deſpoil'd,
Yet flaſh thy deep-ſunk eyes with ſavage joy.

And huſh'd is freedom's voice at thy command,
Repreſs'd her gen'rous energy of ſoul;
Vainly ſhe ſtruggles with thy venal band,
To break corruption's mind-bewild'ring bowl.

But of more import other ills are ſeen,
The gloomy priſon's death-cold cells behold;
Where ardent patriots groan with pallid mein,
Who ſpurn'd th' enchantreſs cup and luring gold.

Through ev'ry ſtreet, lo! haggard pen'ry ſtrays,
Hark! her pale children cry aloud for food;
See, trade diſtreſs'd, for ſpeedy ſuccour prays
To thy deaf hirelings—Moloch's brutal brood.

Oh! view with pity the wide ſuff'ring world,
And abdicate thy proud uſurped throne;
In Lethe's gulph may thy dread chains be hurl'd,
And free-born man no more with ſlav'ry groan;

Leſt ruin, ſwoln by thy abhorrent ſway,
Burſt like a torrent forth, and ſweep thy realms away.

J. S.

SONG.

COLD and bleak the northern wind
O'er my ruſtic cottage blows;
Chilling blaſts the rivers bind,
White deſcend the winter ſnows.

On the ſounding plain I rove,
While conflicting ſtorms engage;
Bleſt with her whom moſt I love,
What to me the boiſt'rous rage?

Blow, ye furious tempeſts blow!
Love's ſoft paſſion warms my heart;
There the ſoul's beſt feelings glow,
There the brighteſt flames impart.

Place me in the *frozen zone*,
My fair ſhall ev'ry care beguile;
And while I call the maid *my own*,
More than *ſummer ſuns* ſhall ſmile!

JOHN JONES.

ON

THE DEATH OF A CANARY BIRD.

ADIEU, ſweet bird! alas! for ever gone—
No more thy melody ſhall charm my ear;
No more thy tuneful twitter hail the dawn,
No more thy ſong enraptur'd muſt I hear.

No vocal woods thy ſwelling note has grac'd,
No ſhady grove has echo'd back thy ſong;
The hawthorn buſh ne'er ſcreen'd thy moſſy neſt,
Nor ſaw thee, tender, rear thy callow young.

Around thy narrow ſphere condemn'd to roam,
No diſcontent diſturb'd thy peaceful breaſt;
Till death, untimely, ſwept thee to the tomb,
And huſh'd thy little flutt'ring cares to reſt.

Oft have I fed thee with renew'd delight,
And amply haſt thou paid my anxious care;
Ah me! thou'rt ſnatch'd for ever from my ſight,
My cares are paſt, and mem'ry drops her tear.

Ditchling. T. SADLER.

SONG.

WHEN friendſhip and ſocial good humour combine,
And the charms of the bottle improve;
When wit and gay mirth ſeem to ſparkle in wine,
The glaſs of young Bacchus I love.

When beauty you toaſt, fill my glaſs to the brim,
The bumper I'll never refuſe;
And may all the frowns of the fair fall to him,
Who dares to attempt an excuſe.

When Apollo and Venus round Bacchus's chair,
New mirth to the banquet impart;
When ſuch is the union, what joy to be there!
What a pity we ever ſhould part!

But when from the tavern with riot and noiſe,
Reels forth the wild ſtaggering crew;
When crazy confuſion alone forms their joys,
To the ſons of the bottle adieu.

No joy from inſenſible drunkenneſs flows,
And he who expects it's an aſs;
'Tis *thought* muſt the baſis of pleaſure compoſe,
And WHO looks for thought in his glaſs?

T.

SONNET TO MEMORY.

SOURCE of pleaſure, ſource of pain,
Thoughtful treaſure, mental train;
From paſt bliſs for ever flow,
And in the mind for ever glow.

But o'er each ſcene of ſorrow vain,
The gloomy pictures of the brain;
O'er melancholy ſhades of woe,
Let oblivion her mantle throw.

Thus onward as I bend my courſe,
Devoid of fear, without remorſe,
Still may'ſt thou view preceding times:
And tracing late life's devious track,
With conſcious rectitude look back,
At follies ſigh, but not at crimes.

April 11, 1799. M.

EVENING.

THE ſun was ſinking in the weſtern ſky,
And ting'd with red the heavenly dome;
Nature fatigu'd, ſeem'd gently to repoſe,
And hide her beauties in the ſhades of night.
Silence, the queen of ſolitude, now reigns,
Save where the nightingale reſounds her lay,
And fills the air with its melodious ſtrains.
Or through the ſilence liſtening, I hear
The gentle bleatings of the diſtant flock.
Phœbus now ſunk beneath the diſtant hill;
The ſilver moon reſumes her milder reign,
Whilſt glitt'ring ſtars and ſhining planets riſe
To enrich the firmament of heaven.

SONNET TO LOVE.

FROM ſcenes where noiſe and folly ſtill preſide,
Come, ſoft-ey'd love, and lead me to thy bow'r,
Where gentle ſtreams in peaceful murmurs glide,
And dreams of bliſs employ the paſſing hour.

Yes, deareſt maid! thy all-ſubduing form
Can gild with bliſs, ideal ſcenes below;
Can check the horrors of the driving ſtorm,
And fling a tranſitory gleam on woe.

The frowns of fortune and the loſs friends,
Prove thee the ſureſt antidote for care;
Before thy beams misfortune's brow unbends,
And hope, time's proſpect, paints with colours fair.

The goddeſs chaſte deſcends, immortal and divine,
And round my glowing brows thy genial bays entwine.

Wolverhampton, CIVIS.
September 9, 1799.

A

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

PERMITTED by Almighty grace,
Another year of circling time
Comes to delight the human race
With light and life in ev'ry clime.

Now Europe's braveſt ſons contend
Upon the blood-beſprinkled plain,
And their black fleets new horrors lend
To native dangers of the main.

Murder by cruel Cain began,
And ſince aſſum'd a nobler name;
And war, the felleſt foe of man,
Is ſanction'd by the voice of fame!

Beyond our little ſyſtem's bound,
Thro' the infinitude of ſpace;
The countleſs worlds that ſhine around,
Diſplay our great Creator's grace.

Immortal virtue, truth, and love,
On their bright orbs for ever dwell;
But *here* our wars and miſeries prove
The preſence of the powers of hell!

From hell's dark caves relentleſs wrath,
Hot pride and mad ambition roſe,
Thoſe cruel caterers of death!
Thoſe friends that foſter human woes!

O! fountain of eternal love!
With SMILING PEACE the nations bleſs;
The dreadful din of war remove,
And ſtern oppreſſion's pow'r repreſs.

Then through the changes of the year,
While nature's varying beauties ſhine;
With free-will piety ſincere,
We'll praiſe thy PROVIDENCE DIVINE!

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1800.

Performed on Her Majeſty's Birth-Day at St. James's.

WRITTEN BY

HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

INCESSANT down the ſtream of Time,
And days, and years, and ages roll,
Speeding thro' error's iron clime
To dark oblivion's goal;
Loſt in the gulf of night profound—
No eye to mark their ſhadowy bound,
Unleſs the deed of high renown,
The warlike chief's illuſtrious crown,
Shed o'er the darkling void a dubious fame—
And gild the paſſing hour with ſome immortal name!

Yet, evaneſcent as the fleeting cloud,
Driv'n by the wild winds o'er the varying ſkies,
Are all the glories of the great and proud,
On rumour's idle breath that faintly riſe.
A thouſand garbs their forms aſſume,
Woven in vain conjecture's loom;
Their dyes a thouſand hues diſplay,
Sporting in fancy's fairy ray;
Changing with each uncertain blaſt,
Till, melting from the eyes at laſt,
The ſhadowy vapours fly before the wind,
Sink into viewleſs air, "nor leave a wreck behind."

But if the raptur'd train whom heaven inſpires
Of glory to record each deathleſs meed,
Tune to heroic worth their golden lyres,
And give to memory each godlike deed,
Then ſhall the eternal guerdon wait
The actions of the wiſe and great;
While as from black oblivion's ſway
They bear the mighty name away,
And waft it, borne on pinion high,
With joyful carol to the ſky;
Sage hiſtory, with eye ſevere,
Tracing aloft their bold career,
Clears the rich tale from fiction's ſpacious grace,
And builds her ſacred lore on truth's eternal baſe.

Literary Review.

The Annual Necrology for 1797-8, *including alſo various Articles of neglected Biography.* Vol. I. Phillips.

WE have, of late, obſerved a great predilection for new-fangled words, by which our language is debaſed and rendered the leſs intelligible to the generality of readers. *Anthology*, *Necrology*, &c. may be expreſſive to claſſical ears, but muſt ſound ſtrange to perſons unacquainted with the language whence they are derived. Such innovations, perhaps, cannot be fully juſtifiable by the ſound canons of criticiſm. But we muſt not be diſpleaſed with this work, on account of its uncouth front, its contents convey amuſement and inſtruction.

This work is intended to be annual, and to include the lives of the moſt eminent men who have expired during the preceding year. The preſent volume contains *thirty-four* characters, of almoſt every deſcription. Their names are—Lord Amherſt, George Anderſon, Bailly, Bakewell, Barthelemy, Benda, Count Bernſtoff, Bruce, Burger, Burke, Catharine II. Condorcet, Dancer, Sir John Dryden, Dupuy, Dr. Farmer, Reverend Mr. Fell, Colonel Frederick, Count Hertzburg, General Hoche, Sir William James, Reverend Dr. Kippis, Klerk, Lavoiſier, Marſhal Loudon, Reverend Mr. Maſon, Mellmann, Neubaver, Pennant, Staniſlaus Auguſtus, Theodore Stephen, King of Corſica, John Wilkes,

Mrs. Woolſtonecraft, and the Reverend Mr. Venn. From this diſh of fare it appears that great variety is afforded, and all taſtes will receive ſome gratification.

Moſt of the *lives* are of conſiderable length, and, in general, written with ability. We are glad to behold merit ſo perſpicuouſly detailed and ſo juſtly praiſed. The ſketch of DANIEL DANCER, the famous miſer, is curious and intereſting.

ANECDOTES

OF

THE LATE DANIEL DANCER,

COMMONLY CALLED

"THE MISER OF HARROW WEAL COMMON."

"An inſatiable thirſt after wealth, ſo juſtly denominated "*amor ſceleratus habendi*," by a poet of the Auguſtan age, is only known in what is termed a *high ſtate of civilization*. In the infancy of ſociety man is content with what nature freely ſupplies.

"But it is not only during the ideal "golden age," that this paſſion is extinct; we find little or no veſtige of it even among the unpoliſhed tribes contemporary with ourſelves. True it is, that a property exiſts in the carcaſes and ſkins of the wild beaſts deſtroyed for ſubſiſtence, and the arms made uſe of for defence; theſe, indeed, conſtitute all their wealth. But who ever heard of a Laplander hoarding his ſuperfluous train oil? of a native of Kamſchatka burying the furs of the ſea otter? or a Cherokee chief contemplating, with ſullen delight, thoſe dreadful, but to him uſeful weapons, his tomahawk and his ſcalping knife?

"Avarice, that whimſical and capricious ſtimulus; that only paſſion which gathers ſtrength with age, and ſtill perſecutes when all others have ceaſed to torment us; is the vice, then, of man not in a ſavage but a civilized ſtate.

"A luxurious Roman, in the times of the emperors, pined after the wealth he had ſpent in inglorious debauchery, and actually put an end to his exiſtence, becauſe he had no more than fifteen or twenty thouſand pounds, of our money, remaining

maining out of his immenſe fortune. In our own days, a knight * of the ſhire in a late parliament, who poſſeſſed property worth near half a million, was accuſtomed to puſh his horſe acroſs ploughed fields, and dine upon hard eggs, to eſcape the ruinous expence incidental to turnpikes and taverns; and this ſame legiſlator, who would play a rubber at whiſt for a couple of hundred guineas, walked home on foot every night from the gaming houſe, to ſave a ſhilling for a hackney coach!

"We have had many other ſingular examples of this *mania* (for ſo it may be juſtly termed) in ſtill more recent times. Scheven, a rich banker of Hamburgh, who died in the courſe of the laſt year †, is ſaid to have denied himſelf not only the comforts, but even the neceſſaries of life; and, among other inſtances of penurioufneſs, we learn, that, after a faithful ſervice of ſeventeen years, he called in the aid of a German taylor, for the purpoſe of attempting to *turn his coat!* In our own country, and in the immediate vicinage of the metropolis ‡, a bachelor § of more than eighty years of age, liſtening at length to the perhaps *gratuitous* advice of a phyſician, determined to treat himſelf with a bottle of his own wine; but this firſt fit of extravagance actually proved mortal, for, as he never truſted any body with a key, in conſequence of removing from a warm bed to a damp cellar, he brought on a ſhivering fit, which being ſuddenly followed by an apoplexy, the miſer is ſaid to have expired on the ſpot!

"Daniel Dancer was born in 1716, in the hamlet of Weal, in the neighbourhood of Harrow. He was deſcended from a reſpectable yeoman's family, in the county of Hertford, and his grandfather appears to have been ſettled at Buſhy, near Watford, where he followed the profitable occupations of mealman and maltſter. His father, who reſided at Stone Cauſeway, on Harrow Weal common, poſſeſſed conſiderable pro-

* Mr. Elwes.

† In January 1798.

‡ At Kentiſh Town.

§ Miſers are generally bachelors. This circumſtance undoubtedly originates in a peculiar ſpecies of *economy*; for, poſſeſſing the faculty of retention in an eminent degree, they ſeem averſe to the idea of even ſquandering away their *affections!*

perty in land, which he farmed himself: he had four children, three sons and a daughter; and on his death, in 1736, his eldest son, Daniel, succeeded to the estate.

"It has somewhere been asserted, that there never yet were three successive generations of misers; the Dancers, however, form a special exception to this rule, for it is an undoubted fact, that the grandfather, the father, and all the children, were strictly entitled to this appellation! Their characters, however, were of a peculiar cast; for it was the ambition and the occupation of their lives, not to accumulate for the sake of their offspring, or relatives, or posterity, or themselves, but from the same principle that the magpie is said to steal gold—merely for the pleasure of *hiding* it!

"The contemporaries of the grandfather are now no more, and but few traditional anecdotes have been handed down concerning him. But Daniel was satisfied that his father had concealed money to the amount of more than one thousand five hundred pounds in the premises occupied by him, and this occasioned no little uneasiness; but it did not proceed from the fear of its not being discovered, but from the dread lest his brothers might find it, and not deliver it to him. This rendered him cautious of mentioning his suspicions; and it was full two years before any part of it was found. At length, on removing an old gate, about two hundred pounds in gold and bank notes, which had been concealed between two pewter dishes under one of the posts, were fortunately disenterred. The rest was never heard of.

"It was in the paternal mansion at Astmiss, at Causeway-gate, on Harrow Weal common, that Daniel was doomed by the fates to spend the whole of his life, which seems to have been one uninterrupted dreary blank. His wretched habitation was surrounded by about eighty acres of his own rich meadow land, with some of the finest oak timber in the kingdom upon it; and he possessed an adjoining farm, called Waldos, the whole of the annual value of about two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, if properly cultivated. But *cultivation* was expensive, and so Daniel permitted grass only to grow there; indeed, in so neglected a state was the place for many years, that the house was entirely surrounded by trees, the fields choaked up with underwood, and the hedges of such an amazing

amazing height, as wholly to exclude the prospect of mankind, and create a dreary gloom all around.

"This was exactly what was wanted by the solitary possessor, for he appears to have led the life of a hermit during more than half a century, and to have been as much unacquainted with, and unknown to the world, although residing within eight or nine miles of the capital, as if he had been the inhabitant of a desert. His principal, and, indeed, only dealing with mankind, arose from the sale of his hay; and he was seldom accosted by any body, except when he wandered about the common to pick up a stray lock of wool, collect the dung of sheep under the hedges, or trudged along the road in search of paper, old iron, or cast horse-shoes.

"His wealth was thus productive of no other enjoyment than the sordid and unavailing one arising from the contemplation of riches which he did not dare to enjoy. On the contrary, it seemed to carry a curse along with it, and to engender a variety of calamities to the wretched possessor. As he lived entirely alone, after the death of his sister, for he could never prevail upon himself to be at the *expence* of a wife, the temptation to rob the *old miser* proved irresistible to those who lived by rapine; indeed, there is some reason to suppose that they contemplated the plunder of a man of his penurious disposition with but little compunction or remorse: his avarice, if not an excuse for, at least seemed an alleviation of, the crime. He was accordingly robbed frequently, and, if report be true—for this was a subject on which he did not choose to enlarge—to a very considerable amount. He, however, once confessed, with tears in his eyes, to his niece, who had seen whole and half-pecks of halfpence on his staircase, that "all—all was gone!"

"On these occasions it was customary with the house-breakers to terrify him into a discovery of his more valuable property; and they are said to have actually suspended him by the neck several times before they could extort a confession where it was deposited.

"At length Daniel bethought himself of a mode of preventing their visits, and punishing their temerity. After fastening his rotten door on the inside, in the best manner possible, he determined never to enter the house again through that aperture. Accordingly, he procured a short ladder, always

aſcended by its means, and pulling it in after him, took refuge in his miſerable apartment, where he literally reſembled Robinſon Cruſoe, ſhut up in his little garriſon.

" But not deeming this ſufficient, he actually dug a hole, or what military men term a *trou de loup*, before the entrance, which he covered over with looſe ſtraw in ſuch a manner as to ſecure the *principal approach* towards his caſtle, and entrap any incautious aſſailant, who might have the temerity to invade his darling property. After exhibiting this ſpecimen of his talents as an engineer, the modern Midas ſeems to have ſlept in ſafety amidſt his gold *.

" His ſiſter, who lived along with him for many years, at length died, and left a conſiderable ſum of money behind her, which went towards the increaſe of his wealth, and ſerved rather to ſtimulate than diminiſh his avarice. About this time commenced his acquaintance with the Tempeſt family, which, while it ſoothed his pride, alleviated the ſufferings and ſorrows of his declining age. Lady Tempeſt, who happened to live in his neighbourhood, compaſſionating the ſituation of Miſs Dancer, took her into her houſe during her laſt illneſs, and treated her with uncommon kindneſs. But the diſeaſe, which, dreadful to relate, is ſuppoſed to have proceeded originally from *inanition*, proved mortal, and rendered all the good old lady's care ineffectual.

" Although Daniel never evinced any affection for his ſiſter, he determined to bury her in ſuch a manner as ſhould not *diſgrace the family*. He accordingly contracted with an undertaker, who agreed to take timber in return for a coffin, as Mr. Dancer had no idea of uſing the *precious metals* as a vehicle of exchange: he, however, could not be prevailed upon to purchaſe proper mourning for himſelf; yet, in conſequence of the entreaty of his neighbours, he unbound the hay-bands with which his legs were uſually covered, and drew on a ſecond-hand pair of black worſted ſtockings. His coat was of whitiſh-brown colour; his waiſtcoat had been black about the middle of the preſent century; and the immediate covering to his head, which ſeemed to have been taken from Mr. Elwes's *wiggery*, and to have deſcended to Daniel as an *heir loom*, gave

* When hard puſhed, he is ſaid to have taken refuge in a well in the yard.

a groteſque

a groteſque appearance to the perſon of a chief mourner, but too well calculated to provoke mirth. This, indeed, was increaſed by the ſlipping of his horſe's girth at the place of burial; in conſequence of which the rider, to the great diverſion of ſome of the Harrow boys who attended, was precipitated into the grave!

"The latter part of Daniel's life was, however, meliorated by the humanity and goodnature of his worthy and reſpectable neighbour.

"Lady Tempeſt preſented him with a bed, and at length actually prevailed upon him to throw away the ſack in which he had ſlept for years. Being a ſworn enemy to extravagance, he was careful to exceſs of the property of another. He could ſcarcely be prevailed upon, it is ſaid, to touch a joint. He delighted in fragments and cruſts; and, while indulging himſelf in theſe *luxuries*, muttered execrations againſt the devouring gluttony of modern times. He alſo evinced, on this occaſion, a conſiderable portion of that low cunning ſo common in illiterate perſons; for he pretended to pay his addreſſes to the cook, in an *honourable way*, with a view of keeping in favour with her; and, when it was evident that ſhe had diſcovered his intentions to proceed from what is termed *cupboard love*, he endeavoured to impoſe on her a ſecond time, by promiſing to remember her in his will!

"To a brother, ſtill alive, who keeps ſheep on the ſame common, and rivals the late Daniel in penury and almoſt in wealth, he always manifeſted the utmoſt averſion; to his niece, however, he once preſented a guinea on the birth of a daughter: but even here he made a hard bargain, for the gift was conditional—ſhe was either to name the child Nancy, after his mother, or forfeit the *whole ſum*.

"To the honour of Mr. Dancer, however, he poſſeſſed one virtue, and that too not a very common one in this world—gratitude. Accordingly, ſome time before his death, he made a will, and ſurrendered his copyhold eſtates to the diſpoſition he had made; the will and ſurrender were both in favour of his benefactreſs, Lady Tempeſt.

"The evening before his death he diſpatched a meſſenger, in whom he could confide, requeſting to ſee her ladyſhip; and, on being gratified in this particular, he expreſſed great ſatisfaction. Finding himſelf a little better, his attachment to the

only

only thing he reſpected, more than that lady, recurred, and that too with ſuch violence, that, although his hand was ſcarcely able to perform its functions, he took hold of his teſtament, which he had intended to have preſented to her, and replaced it once more in his boſom.

"Next morning, however, perceiving his end to be faſt approaching, he actually confided this paper, according to his original determination; and having now reſigned, as it were, all title to that adored wealth, which he conſidered as his "heart's blood," he ſoon after gave up the ghoſt, and was buried in the church-yard of his pariſh (Harrow), by his own particular deſire.

"Thus lived, and thus died, at the age of ſeventy-eight, on September 4, 1794, Daniel Dancer, a true diſciple of the Elwes's ſchool, the rigours of which he practiſed to a far greater degree than even his maſter. In conſequence of a very common miſtake of the *means* for the *end*, he deprived himſelf not only of what are termed the pleaſures, but even of the neceſſaries of life. At times, however, he would lament that he did not make a better uſe of his riches, and was once heard to regret that he had not, according to his original intention, ſet up a *whiſkey*, which in his opinion was the *ne plus ultra* of gentility. On another occaſion, upon receiving twopence for a pint of beer from a deputy commiſſary, who was about to pay him five hundred pounds for hay, during the laſt war, and had miſtaken him for one of Squire Dancer's ſervants, he bridled up, and ſaid that he intended ſoon to become a gentleman himſelf!"

"In his miſerable habitation were found ſome hundred weight of waſte paper, the collection of half a century, and two or three tons of old iron, conſiſting of nails, horſeſhoes, &c. which he had picked up.

"On the ground floor ſeveral pieces of foreign gold and ſilver were dug up, and ſome coins, among which were a crown and a ſhilling of the Engliſh commonwealth, both of which, by the generoſity of a friend, are now in the poſſeſſion of the writer of this article.

"Had it not been for the perpetual exerciſe of his *maſter-paſſion*, Daniel Dancer might have been a credit to his family, and an ornament to ſociety. He poſſeſſed the ſeeds of many admirable qualities, and exhibited frequent marks of ſtrong, nervous,

nervous, good ſenſe, unpoliſhed indeed by commerce with the world, but at the ſame time unſophiſticated by its vices, or its follies.

" Both he and his father, during a ſeries of more than ſixty years, had allowed themſelves two jubilee days in the year: theſe were their feſtivals, and they enjoyed them, for there was good cheer to be had without expence. The periods alluded to occurred in April and October, at Sir John Ruſhout's court baron for the manor of Harrow. As head tenants they conſtantly attended; and it was obſerved by all the ſuitors, that if the Dancers ſtarved at home, they eat moſt voraciouſly abroad. On theſe occaſions Daniel diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his droll ſayings; and, whenever any attempt was made to ridicule, burleſque, or paſs a joke upon him (which was invariably the caſe), the wit and eccentricity of his replies ſoon put his antagoniſts to ſilence.

" No man had more of the true Engliſhman about him, at leaſt ſo far as concerned the defence of his rights and privileges, than Mr. Dancer. He was a ſecond Hampden in this reſpect; for, during the whole of his life, he would never permit any infringements on Harrow Weal common. Whenever an encroachment took place, without any reſpect to rank or fortune, Daniel inſtantly headed the villagers, and abated the nuiſance. This made him extremely popular.

" During a period of fifty years he never kept any female ſervant, or indeed any ſervant at all. At length, after the loſs of his ſiſter, and within a few years of his own death, he took a man, called Griffiths, into his ſervice: but he was never known to have a domeſtic animal, of any kind, within his walls.

" Miſerable and wretched as his diſpoſition was, he was not accuſed of having ever committed any act of injuſtice; on the contrary, he was ſometimes known to have aſſiſted thoſe whoſe ſtyle of living and appearance was infinitely ſuperior to his own.

" He had no farming buſineſs but during the time of mowing his meadows. That of his hay harveſt, then, ſeems to have been the only period of the year in which his mind was occupied by buſineſs: and this too was the ſole time in which jollity appeared to be familiar to his manſion; for he ſeemed

then

then to have entirely divested himself of his natural character. No gentleman in the neighbourhood gave his mowers better beer, or greater quantity, than Daniel did on this occasion. It was brought from a neighbouring brewhouse; for at this time only was the beverage of our Saxon forefathers to be found within his walls.

"On his demise, the house in which he died, and in which he was also born, exhibited a spectacle of misery and of terror; for it possessed so squalid an aspect, that no other person would have slept in it; and was actually so ruinous, that neither bricklayer nor carpenter would have ventured to repair it.

"Some time before his death he left this ancient tenement, which, with the surrounding meadows, has been lately sold by Sir Henry Tempest to the Marquis of Abercorn, on purpose to read his will to a person in the neighbourhood. An objection being made to it, on the ground that there was no provision bequeathed to his brothers, he replied,

"If I were of a great family, I would not disinherit the heir of the paternal estate—in such a case it would be wrong; but I have long had it in my mind to leave what I have away from mine. My brothers are both old men, and have much more than they can spend, or know how to make a proper use of; besides they have no children. I am ashamed of myself and them. I have not even improved my property! and, were I to live my time over again, I would not do as I have done."

"Mr. Dancer, as has already been observed, kept neither cat nor dog, and yet rats and mice were strangers to his dwelling: they had surely left it "instinctively," knowing they must starve there.

"He entertained a most singular idea of a neighbouring nation, although he entered but little into political discussions. He called the French Republicans, the *Romans*, and was fully prepossessed with the belief, "that they would, ultimately, overrun the world, and come and claim his lands, because they had once belonged to a monastry." So fully satisfied was he of this fact, that he was particularly careful never to utter a word against them.

"The two following anecdotes of Daniel have been communicated

municated by a gentleman who poſſeſſed the beſt means of obtaining information concerning him.

"About ſix years before his death, during a hot ſummer's day, he was obſerved by a neighbour very aſſiduouſly employed in throwing water from a pool, by means of a frying-pan, on the ſurrounding meadow, which happened to be burnt up. On being queſtioned as to the object of his labours, he obſerved, "that he wanted a bit of nice freſh graſs for his old horſe, for hay being then very dear, a poor body ought to be ſparing of it." The ſame perſon, returning in three or four hours afterwards, found the old man in tears, and, on inquiring the cauſe, was informed, "that he had worked with the frying-pan until he was tired, when falling aſleep on the graſs, ſome rogue had ſtolen a pocket-book from him containing three hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes, which he had received the day before for ſome ricks of hay that he had ſold."

"Having been once reluctantly *bound over* by a magiſtrate, to proſecute a horſe-ſtealer at Ayleſbury aſſizes, he ſet out with a reſpectable neighbour, who undertook to accompany him. Himſelf and his horſe, on this occaſion, exhibited a groteſque appearance, for the movements of the latter were regulated by a halter inſtead of a bridle, while a ſack, faſtened round him, ſerved inſtead of a ſaddle; as for ſhoes, this was a luxury that Daniel's Roſinante had never been accuſtomed to.

"On their arrival at Ayleſbury, having ſtopped at an inn of decent appearance, Dancer addreſſed his companion in the following manner:

"Pray, ſir, do you go into the houſe, order what you pleaſe, and live like a gentleman, I will ſettle for it readily; but as for myſelf, I muſt go on in my old way."

"He accordingly did ſo, for he bought a pennyworth of bread for himſelf, ſlept under his horſe's manger, and paid fifteen ſhillings, being the amount of his companion's bill, with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs.

"Having ſaid ſo much of Daniel, it may not be amiſs to mention a few particulars about his immediate relations. Henry, his next brother, is an old man, and unmarried; he is ſuppoſed to be worth five thouſand pounds, which he conceals

in

in the true Dancer manner. He lives on Harrow Weal common, tends ſheep at ſo much per day; will hold a gentleman's horſe for two pence, and return him a thouſand thanks. He commonly hires his ſervices out to the farmers in any way he may be uſeful, and in conſequence of a law ſuit, occaſioned by his brother's will, he lately repaired to London in a new coat, of exactly the ſame cut and colour as that uſually beſtowed by the pariſh. In addition to other property, he poſſeſſes the farm of Waldos, worth about three thouſand two hundred pounds.

"Hammon Dancer, the laſt of the race, is alſo an old man, and without children. He reſides in a wretched habitation near Lambeth, exhibits the ſame uniform degree of miſery as the other branches of his family, denies himſelf, like them, every comfort of life, and actually ſtarves with ſix or ſeven thouſand pounds in his poſſeſſion.

"A little before the death of their ſiſter, Miſs Dancer, whoſe life had been prolonged by the care of Lady Tempeſt during ſix months, ſhe expreſſed a deſire to leave an acknowledgment to the dowager out of the one thouſand ſix hundred pounds ſhe had concealed in an old tattered black petticoat; but this was prevented by the eldeſt brother, who ſaid "it was needleſs to give that good lady a part, for ſhe would have the whole when he died."

"No ſooner was ſhe interred than Henry and Hammon applied for their ſhare of the *perſonality*; but this was ſturdily reſiſted by Daniel, who aſſerted, that he would not part with a penny: obſerving, "that as ſhe had nothing originally, all her property muſt have been ſtolen from him: beſides, he had boarded her during forty years, and he could not really afford ſuch a heavy expence under thirty pounds per annum."

"On being threatened with a law ſuit, he did not appear at all diſpleaſed at the idea; indeed, it ſeemed exactly to tally with his favourite maxims of concealment: he ſhrewdly obſerved, "that the money, in that caſe, would ſoon be HID ſo ſafe among the lawyers, that none of them would be able to find it."

"He was, however, prevailed upon to give his brothers about four hundred and fifty pounds apiece, and releaſes were accordingly executed in the uſual form: but from that time

time he never ſaw them, and could not bear their names to be mentioned in his preſence.

"The whole of his property, on his deceaſe, amounted to about ten thouſand pounds; a ſum which, by proper management, he might have doubled, and at the ſame time allowed himſelf all the comforts of life.

"Thus, in his caſe, avarice was unaccompanied with that eagle-eyed keenneſs which is its uſual concomitant, and that ſpirit of calculation and finance, that Cocker-like knowledge of funds and figures, which generally occupies the daily labours, and flits around the pillow of the modern miſer."

We were pleaſed with other *ſketches* in this work, and will bring them forward to our readers on a future occaſion. We were gratified with the account of that amiable and excellent divine, the Reverend DR. ANDREW KIPPIS, of whoſe life we have already given a ſketch, together with a portrait, in a former number of our Miſcellany.

Reflections on Men and Things, tranſlated from a French Manuſcript of the late J. G. Zimmerman, Author of Solitude, &c. Symonds.

THE manuſcript of this work was found among the papers of a general officer of the old government of France, who lately died an emigrant in the iſland of Guernſey. The internal evidence of theſe *reflections* is in their favour, and there is a pointed ſhrewdneſs in moſt of the obſervations. They diſplay a knowledge of the human heart—and, upon the whole, we were much pleaſed with them.

We ſubjoin a few, which will ſhew that they are the reſult of thought and attention.

"To enjoy a deſpicable ſuperiority, the dignity of a rationaliſt is often, and wantonly ſacrificed: ſeldom can it be redeemed.

" It is a ſoleciſm in ſpeech to ſay we have a fortune, unleſs we have a capacity to enjoy it; or that we poſſeſs a ſufficiency, if we can ſpend it.

" Be brief in converſation; be ſpirited likewiſe. Sir Richard Steele recommends the uſe of a mathematical ſieve, to ſift all ſuperfluities from diſcourſe, and writing.

" Induſtry is often imitated. Doing what ought not to be done, or doing what ought to be done, precipitately, cannot be called induſtry: it is only the active ſtate of ſloth.

" If violence is the promptеſt mode of deciding altercations, it is alſo the worſt; amongſt the numerous, and potent arguments that brawney arms poſſeſs, not one can ſtrike conviction.

" Apply to *little* people, in the ſeaſon of diſtreſs, they inſtantly become *great*; they are ſurprized at their own importance!

" In Fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate ſcoundrels, or ſucceſsful butchers of the human race.

" What addreſs, or prepoſſeſſion beſpeaks, knowledge ſecures. Lord Bacon has declared, " that a pleaſing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation"—many are content to ſee, not to *weigh* objects *!

" If induſtry is no more than habit, it is, at leaſt, an excellent one. " If you aſk me which is the real hereditary ſin of human nature, do you imagine I ſhall anſwer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotiſm? No; I ſhall ſay indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the reſt." Indeed all good principles muſt ſtagnate without mental activity †.

" The badneſs of the times (as the vulgar phraſe expreſſes a ſcene of diſtreſs), frequently depends more on thoſe who govern the ſhip, than the weather.

" When the ſpirit of intellect purifies the groſſneſs of ſenſuality, the table furniſhes a cheering recruit for nature, and the feaſt is exquiſitely gratifying, and fit for a rationaliſt.

* According to Ariſtotle, the Ethiopians, and Indians, ſuffered the beauty, and ſtature of their kings, and magiſtrates, to determine the choice of them.

† Lavater.

" What

" What cruelty there is in accuſing the ſoft ſex of loquacity; 'tis but little they ſay:—nor ſhould this little be objected to: much more is often times comprehended in their little, than is apprehended.

" We have many medicines, and few cures, and many cures without medicines.

" On as ſlight a pivot as opinion, the political and the moral univerſe move round. Yet, what is this *opinion* *?

" Never believe that rank neceſſarily includes ſuperiority, whilſt there is a ſingle ſcoundrel near the throne; or that the multitude are without dignity, whilſt a ſolitary individual is to be found who proudly worſhips at reaſon's ſhrine.

" Thoſe who like home beſt have good reaſons for the preference; and a curſe to the miſchief-maker, whoſe practice it is to deſtroy domal compacts. Where Hymen *is* propitious, happy, in reality, muſt be his votaries.

" The moſt venemous conceal their poiſon, and never, till occaſion calls, is the ſage diſcovered, or the ſinews of the ſtrong man bared to view: ſo deep lies good or evil!

" A complete hypocrite is a good reſemblance of complete honeſty †.

" Much conceit, and cunning, lurk under a queſtion, an anſwer, a ſneer, or advice ‡.

* " La pulpart des coutumes, et des opinions ſont telles, que ſi l'on ceſſoit de les inſinuer dans les cervaux encore tendres des enfants juſqu'à ce que la generation, qui vit ajourdhui ſur la terre, fut entièrement éteinte (en ſort que le fil de prevention ſe trouvat coupé, et interrompu, ces mémes opinions qui ſont ſi fortement appuyées ſur lesprejuges, ces coutumes qui ſont ſi puiſſamment établies ſur la prévention, perdroient tous les avantages qui leur ſont donner la préférence." *Traité de l'Opinion.*

" Opinion is, when the aſſent of the underſtanding is ſo far gained by evidence of probability, that it rather inclines to one perſuaſion than to another, yet not altogether without a mixture of uncertainty and doubting." HALE.

† " Who writes as he ſpeaks, ſpeaks as he writes, looks as he ſpeaks, and writes—is honeſt."—Lavater's Aphoriſms.

‡ A timid cockney enquires about the diſpoſition of the

"Adviſe with friends, conſult with phyſicians; but be your own doctor and adviſer. Well has King Charles expreſſed himſelf on this ſubject. "I am not ſo confident of my own ſufficiency, as not willingly to admit the counſel of others; but yet I am not ſo diffident of myſelf as brutiſhly to ſubmit to any man's dictates *."

"Knaves are forc'd to pawn their honour—the honourable can live on their credit.

"There is as much vulgarity, and inconſiſtence, in the *muſk'd*, as in the *greaſy* mob; and much more inſolence †.

"Where there is wiſdom there will be good temper, calmneſs, and cheerfulneſs ‡.

horſe he is prepared to mount. "O ſir," replies the oſtler, "the beaſt has a rare temper." "Does he go well? "Aye, he's a nice one for going, though 'tis not very eaſy to ſay which way he'll go." "What faults has he?" "None worth ſpeaking of."

* "Advice is ſeldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good: it is ſeldom well received, becauſe it implies a ſuperiority of judgment in the giver; and it is ſeldom intended for any other end than to ſhew it: it is ſeldom of any ſervice to the giver, becauſe it more frequently makes him an enemy than a friend; and as ſeldom to the receiver, becauſe, if he is not wiſe enough to act properly without it, he will ſcarcely be wiſe enough to diſtinguiſh that which is good."

† "But hear their raptures o'er ſome ſpecious rhime,
"Dubb'd by the muſk'd, and greaſy mob-ſublime."
ARMSTRONG'S TASTE.

‡ "Where true wiſdom is, there ſurely is repoſe of mind, patience, dignity, delicacy. Wiſdom without theſe is dark light, heavy eaſe, ſonorous ſilence."

The mode of wording the laſt part of the aphoriſm, Lavater appears to have borrowed from Shakeſpeare—

"Love, heavy lightneſs, ſerious vanity," &c.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Indeed, who reads the Avonian without borrowing from him?

"Thoſe

"Thoſe who weep after guilty conduct, ſend forth their ſhowers at the concluſion of a dry harveſt.

"The puerile ambition of doing things quickly, is the parent of impropriety and error; nothing is then well done, and many things are neglected*.

"A man that is rich, may be any thing beſides, without decreaſing his reputation: a man that is poor, may be every thing beſides, without encreaſing his reputation.

"Think not of *doing as you like*;—the expreſſion characterizes the head-ſtrong; the unjuſt. Do as you ought to do!—'tis a golden precept; Pythagoras has not a richer.

"Turn your back on prudence, in order to face danger, and the moſt powerful enemy you have is left behind."

"The ſon of traffic may be richer for the paſt; the child of ſcience is better for it.

"Reaſon is the beſt leader for all ſects: it would ultimately lead to the cloſeſt union, and ſects would be no more.

"To die, or to live, requires little courage; the inhabitant of the foreſt can do both. To die, or to live, becomingly, requires much fortitude. *Great let me call* the human being who can do either! let it be remembered, that the one is a conſequence of the other†.

"Put only this reſtriction on your pleaſures, be cautious that they hurt no creature that has life.

At the end of the volume we find the following pleaſing lines on poetry:

* "Who ſeizes too rapidly drops as haſtily."
"Who graſps firmly can hold ſafe, and keep long."
LAVATER'S APHORISMS.

† "The pooreſt gladiator, ſays Cicero, dies before us without a groan, or exhibiting the ſlighteſt proofs of weakneſs." Vide *The Revenge, by* DR. YOUNG.

THE

MUSE:

OR,

POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

" The muſe!—Whate'er the muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires;
The poet's birth I ſeek not where;
His place, his name, they're not my care:
Nor Greece, nor Rome, delights me more
Than Tagus' * bank, or Thames † ſhore;
From ſilver Avon's flow'ry ſide,
Tho' Shakſpeare's numbers ſweetly glide;
As ſweet from Morven's deſert hills,
My ear the voice of Oſſian fills.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires;
Nor bigot zeal, or party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page:
I ſcorn not all that Dryden ſings,
Becauſe he flatters courts, and kings;
And from the maſter lyre of Gray,
When pomp of muſic breaks away,
Nor leſs the ſound my notice draws,
For that its heard in freedom's cauſe.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Where wealth's bright ſun propitious ſhines,
No added luſtre marks the lines;
Where want extends her chilling ſhades,
No pleaſing power of fancy fades:
A ſcribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praiſe

* Alluding to Camoens.
† Alluding to Pope, &c.

From

From that poor youth, whoſe tales relate
Sad Juga's fears, and Bawdin's fate *.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
When fame her wreath, well-earn'd, beſtows,
My breaſt no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verſe I lov'd to hear,
And Beattie's ſong delights my ear,
And his whom Athens' tragic maid
Now leads through Scarnings' lonely glade,
While he for Britiſh nymphs bids flow †
Her notes of terror and of woe.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Or be the verſe or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or ſublime;
If Paſtora's hand my journey leads
Through harveſt fields, or new-mown meads:
If Epic's voice ſonorous calls
To Eta's ‡ cliff, or Salem's ⁋ walls;
Enough—The Muſe, the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires."

In a work of this nature an inequality muſt be expected; but Zimmerman was a man of diſcernment, much converſant with life, and ever intent on intellectual acquiſitions. We therefore recommend this publication, and young people will, from its peruſal, in theſe long winter evenings, receive ſome inſtruction and more entertainment.

* Rowley's poems, written by Chatterton.

† See Mr. Potter's excellent tranſlation of Æſchylus and Euripides.

‡ See Mr. Glover's Leonidas.

⁋ Taſſo's gothic fancy and magnificence.

The Minſtrel, in Two Books, with ſome other Poems, by James Beattie, L. L. D. to which are now added Miſcellanies, by James Hay Beattie, A. M. with an Account of his Life and Character. In Two Volumes. Dilly.

THE firſt volume of this work contains the well known poems of Dr. Beattie, whoſe Minſtrel is univerſally admired, and, in this edition, has undergone a few emendations. The ſecond volume preſents us with the poems of his ſon, an amiable and accompliſhed youth, who died in the twenty-ſecond year of his age, in November 1790. A life of conſiderable length is here prefixed, written by the father, who affectingly deplores the loſs he has ſuſtained.

As to the Poems, many are elegant Latin verſions, others original pieces, which ſhew thought and ability. *Hunting* is well deſcribed in the following lines:

HUNTING.

"Bright rays of purple fire the ſky,
And gild the ſhivering ſtream,
Beyond the weſtern miſt on high
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark! how the voice of hounds and horn
Floats in the fragrant gale;
Along the ruſtling thicket borne,
And down the ſhadowy vale.

They paſs; nor fancy's modeſt ear
The ſhouting train purſues;
No ſcreams of bloody triumph cheer
The ſolitary muſe.

Ye, whoſe victorious arts beguile
The ſufferer of its breath,
Who watch, with fierce unthinking ſmile,
The languid throbs of death;

Haſte,

Haſte, let your harmleſs captives bleed:
Ye too muſt fall as they;
Death, on a ſwift though noiſeleſs ſteed,
Purſues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's woe
In lingering terror driven:
Kill, do not torture; mercy ſhow,
And mercy hope from heaven.

The *Modern Tippling Philoſophers* is not without humour, and the characters will be eaſily diſcerned:

THE

MODERN TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

Father Hodge * had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloy'd thirſt to awaken,
He was ſerved with a raſher of ham,
Which procured him the ſurname of *Bacon*.
He has ſhown, that, though logical ſcience
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honeſt truth will ne'er ſet at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a muſket, they tell us,
Ere he wiſh'd, or was able, to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tipple than fight.
Of his ſyſtem the cauſe and deſign
We no more can be poſed to explain:—
The *materia ſubtilis* was wine,
And the *vortices* whirl'd in his brain.

Old Hobbes, as his name plainly ſhows,
At a *hob-nob* was frequently tried:
That all virtue from ſelfiſhneſs roſe
He believed, and all laughter from pride †.

* Roger Bacon, the father of experimental philoſophy. He flouriſhed in the 13th century.

† See *The Spectator*, Numb. 47.

The

The truth of this creed he would brag on,
Smoke his pipe, murder Homer, and quaff *;
Then ſtarting, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Iſaac diſcovered, it ſeems,
The nature of colours and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That ſwam on his wandering ſight.
Ever ſapient, ſober though ſeldom,
From experience *attraction* he found,
By obſerving, when no one upheld him,
That his wiſe head fell ſouſe on the ground.

As to Berkeley's philoſophy—he has
Left his poor pupils nought to inherit,
But a ſwarm of deceitful ideas
Kept, like other monſters, in ſpirit †.
Tar-drinkers can't think what's the matter,
That their health does not mend, but decline:
Why, they take but ſome wine to their water,
He took but ſome water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,
(Either name you may give as you pleaſe)
By a brain ever brooding on evil,
Hatch'd a monſter call'd *Fable of Bees*.
Vice, ſaid he, aggrandizes a people ‡;
By this right let my conduct be view'd;
I ſwagger, ſwear, guzzle, and tipple:
And d—— ye, 'tis all for your good.

D—— H—— ate a ſwinging great dinner,
And grew every day fatter and fatter;
And yet the huge bulk of a ſinner
Said there was neither ſpirit nor matter.

* Hobbes was a great ſmoker, and wrote what ſome have been pleaſed to call a tranſlation of Homer.

† He taught that the external univerſe has no exiſtence, but an ideal one, in the mind (or *ſpirit*) that perceives it; and he thought tar-water an univerſal remedy.

‡ Private vices public benefits.

Now

Now there's no ſober man in the nation,
Who ſuch nonſenſe could write, ſpeak, or think:
It follows, by fair demonſtration,
That he philoſophized in his drink.

As a ſmuggler even P——— could ſin;
Who, in hopes the poor gauger of frightening,
While he filled the caſe-bottles with gin,
Swore he fill'd them with thunder and lightning*.
In his cups, (when Locke's laid on the ſhelf)
Could he ſpeak, he would frankly confeſs it t'ye,
That, unable to manage himſelf,
He puts his whole truſt in neceſſity.

If the young in raſh folly engage,
How cloſely continues the evil!
Old Franklin retains, as a ſage,
The thirſt he acquired when a devil †.
That charging drives fire from a phial,
It was natural for him to think,
After finding, from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

A certain high prieſt could explain ‡.
How the ſoul is but nerve at the moſt;
And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That ſecreted the Paradiſe Loſt.
And ſure, it is what they deſerve,
Of ſuch theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere muddy ſuggeſtions of claret.

Our Holland philoſophers ſay, Gin
Is the true philoſophical drink,
As it made Doctor H———y imagine
That to *ſhake* is the ſame as to *think* §.

* Electrical batteries.

† Bred a printer. This was written long before Dr. Franklin's death.

‡ Dr. L. Bp. of C. is probably the perſon here alluded to. He was a zealous materialiſt.

§ He reſolved perception and thinking into *vibrations*, and (what he called) *vibratiuncles*, of the brain.

For,

For, while drunkenneſs throb'd in his brain,
The ſturdy materialiſt choſe (O fye!)
To believe its vibrations not pain,
But wiſdom, and downright philoſophy.

Ye ſages, who ſhine in my verſe,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearſe,
But impute all your ſin to your drink.
In drink, poets, philoſophers, mob, err;
Then excuſe, if my ſatire e'er nips ye;
When I praiſe, think me prudent and ſober,
If I blame, be aſſured I am typſy."

But the longeſt poem in this collection is entitled, "Fragments of a Poem on the Excellence of Chriſtianity," which every judicious friend to Revelation will peruſe with ſatisfaction. An elegant portrait of this extraordinary young man is prefixed, which is too young for the period of his death, and therefore his age, at the time of its being taken, ought to have been aſſigned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received ſeveral pieces both in proſe and poetry, which are entitled to particular attention. Our GENERAL HALF-YEARLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, ſhall appear in the Number for February.

With reſpect to our Correſpondent T. we ſhall ſay—that he poſſeſſes talents deſerving of cultivation.

Lord Hood

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